

A Chaotic Road Trip

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Character:	Phil Watson (Video Blogging RPF) , Eret (Video Blogging RPF) , Ranboo (Video Blogging RPF) , Toby Smith Tubbo , Technoblade (Video Blogging RPF) , Wilbur Soot , Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , TommyInnit (Video Blogging RPF) , Niki Nihachu , Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Floris Fundy , Darryl Noveschosch , Zak Ahmed , Antfrost (Video Blogging RPF) , Sam Awesamduke (Video Blogging RPF) , Alexis Quackity , Karl Jacobs
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A Chaotic Road Trip

by [TheManOfManyFandoms](#)

Summary

The wholesome, but chaotic, road trip au that I literally can't get out of my head! Enjoy!

Packing Up

Chapter Summary

The packing up is just a little, slightly chaotic

Chapter Notes

AGES FOR THIS AU:

Phil: probs late 30s

BBH: 25

George: 24

Antfrost: 22

Techno + Wilbur: 22

Eret: 22

Dream: 21

Skeppy: 20

Sapnap: 19

Niki + Fundy: 19

Ranboo: 17

Tubbo: 17 (barely)

Tommy: 16

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It was probably *far* too early for the chaos going on in the three houses at the back of the cul-de-sac they resided in. In the house directly in the center, an, already exhausted, dad and his five children were frantically packing their suitcases. Phil, the father, had, quite sensibly, packed the night before, and was merely going from room to room, making sure his kids were packing properly.

In the first of three rooms, a curly haired young man was sat on his bed, doing his best to force tears out of his eyes. “Get over yourself already, Wilbur,” his pink-haired twin sighed long-sufferingly. “He’s not going to change his mind.”

As if to prove his point, Phil poked his head into the room and said firmly, “*Wil*. You might as well give it up. We’re not bringing more than *one* of your guitars, so get off your ass and help your brother pack.”

“It’s not *fair*,” Wilbur whined, standing up sullenly and collecting clothes from his closet.

Techno snorted, batting his long hair out of his face, “You’re acting like a ten year old.”

“Techno, be nice,” Phil said half-heartedly, chuckling quietly to himself.

“You’re all so *mean*,” Wilbur groaned, throwing some shirts angrily into his suitcase.

"If you say so," Phil laughed, "Good luck with him, Tech."

Phil elected to ignore Wilbur's indignant, "What's *that* supposed to mean?" and moved on to the next bedroom.

Where, Tubbo and Tommy appeared to be having a shouting match. "Woah, woah, woah, what's going on here?" Phil asked, holding his hands out placating.

"He's being a dick!" Tommy exploded.

"*Me?*" Tubbo yelped incredulously, "*You're* the one being an asshole."

"I want to bring my gaming setup and he said that you wouldn't let me," Tommy raged.

"And *I* want to bring my keyboard, but he said there wouldn't be room, with his gaming setup in the car," Tubbo frowned, "I need to practice!"

"And I need to practice bedwars, dickhead!" Tommy shot back angrily.

"Well, I can solve this little fight right here and now," Phil said sternly, "We're not bringing the setup *or* the keyboard." Suddenly, shocked yells of complaint and outrage are being thrown at him from both teens. Phil's not sure how it happened, but Tommy and Tubbo had somehow reconciled without a word. They both were pouring all of their energy into complaining to *him*.

"*Boys,*" he shouted over both of them, "We're not bringing either. No negotiations. Get packing, both of you."

"*Fine,*" they both sighed. Tubbo gave him a quick side-hug, by way of apology and Phil ruffled his hair affectionately. After a long hesitation, Tommy did the same, turning red, when Phil ruffled *his* hair too. "*Dad,*" he groaned, looking embarrassed.

Phil grinned at him, before moving on to the third, and final, bedroom. Ranboo was sitting dejectedly on the floor, in front of his suitcase; clothes, video games, and books strung around him haphazardly.

"What's up, mate?" Phil asked softly.

"I can't figure out what to pack," Ranboo said, by way of explanation. He sounded so sad that it might have been funny, if it weren't for the very real tears pooling in his eyes.

"Okay," Phil responded gently, sitting across from the boy, on the other side of the suitcase, "What seems to be the problem, kiddo?" Phil had adopted all of his children, but Ranboo was the most recent addition to the family. Having only adopted him a year ago, Phil was still learning how to work with and comfort the teenager, just as Ranboo was still learning how to open up to the family and express his emotions.

Ranboo wiped at his eyes, with his sleeve. "I'm sorry," he sniffed, "It's so stupid."

"Nah, don't apologize, mate," Phil smiled.

"I just don't know what to pack. I don't know how many clothes is too many and I don't know how many video games I should pack. I don't have room to pack them *all*, but what if we're there and I *really* want to play one and then I get sad, because I don't have it with me and same with my books and- and," Ranboo took a shuddering breath, closing his eyes, in an attempt to calm down.

"Alright, we can work with that," Phil said cheerfully. He spent the next fifteen minutes, or so, helping Ranboo pack, making sure to not leave the room, until Ranboo seemed suitably comfortable, with the contents of his suitcase.

In the house to the left of theirs, there was an equal amount of chaos. It was occupied by four brothers and the partners of two of them. There was no parental figure in sight, every resident being over the age of eighteen. Despite this, the eldest brother, Badboyhalo, had taken on the role of supervisor for the day.

Bad, along with his boyfriend, Skeppy, had wisely packed the night before. They had both predicted the chaos the morning would bring and had elected to get their own suitcases packed after the other four had gone to bed.

This turned out to be a *very* good idea, as the first thing Bad saw, when he opened he and Skeppy's bedroom door, was his second youngest brother, Dream, sprinting past at full tilt, arms full of odds and ends.

"What the *hell* are you doing?" Skeppy called groggily after him. Bad was too dumfounded to even consider telling him off for language.

"Speedrunning!" Dream shouted back breathlessly. Bad and Skeppy followed him to the room he shared with George, watching in either awe, or fear, as the man raced back and forth between his closet and his suitcase.

Somehow, even with all of the clattering and shouting, George was still fast asleep, in his bed. Bad stepped around the clutter on the floor, to softly shake George awake. "Good morning, you sleepy muffinhead," Bad said cheerily, "I know it's early, but we have to pack up!"

"Go 'way," George groaned into his pillow, "Packed last night. Gimme ten more minutes." Without bothering to wait for an answer, he was out like a light again immediately.

Bad sighed, but turned to Dream, "Can you wake him up in about ten minutes?"

"Sure thing!" Dream gave Bad a hasty thumbs up, as he continued to shove things in his trunk at lightning speed.

Dream didn't even flinch, when a high-pitched scream came in the direction of Sapnap and Antfrost's bedroom. Bad and Skeppy weren't *too* concerned, but they made their way over to the others' room, all the same.

"What's going on in here?" Skeppy laughed, when they entered, to find Sapnap, Bad's youngest brother, holding a charred piece of fabric, in one hand and a lighter, in the other, with a horrified expression on his face.

"I fuckin' burned one of my bandanas," Sapnap shouted furiously.

"Language!" Bad let out a shocked laugh, "But how did you do it?"

"I just wanted to see if the lighter was working!" Sapnap scowled.

"I mean, at least now you know it *does*," Skeppy snickered. Sapnap shot him a glare.

"Okay," Bad said, snatching the lighter out of Sapnap's hand, "Lighters are officially a contraband

item. Hand any and all of them over." Bad and Skeppy watched in mild horror, as Sapnap pulled lighters out of increasingly nonsensical places, finally handing over a total of *ten*.

"What is *wrong* with you? Skeppy breathed, completely dumbstruck. Sapnap shrugged, grinning.

"How does Ant put up with you?" Bad questioned, with a sigh. Antfrost was the fourth, and final, brother and the closest to Bad, in age.

Skeppy suddenly exploded, with laughter, "I think *that's* how," he said, pointing. Antfrost was sitting on his bed, peacefully packing his suitcase. A pair of noise-cancelling headphones were comfortably covering his ears. Bad couldn't help it. He burst into laughter too.

The house on the other side, was relatively peaceful and quiet, probably due to it containing significantly less people. It was occupied by three siblings, who had lived there together ever since their parents had died.

The eldest of these children, Eret, had taken on the role of caretaker for his younger siblings, Niki and Fundy, for the last few years of their childhood. Now that the twins were older, Eret had gone back to having a much more sibling-like relationship with them.

Despite that, she still somehow managed to be wordlessly chosen, as the house's 'manager' for the occasion. Eret trusted his siblings to not burn anything down, so he merely kept an ear out, as he packed his own bags.

Smirking, he threw a pair of platform boots in, as an afterthought. Tommy always threw a bit of a tantrum, whenever Eret wore them. The teen hated it, when people were so much taller than him.

Eret froze, when they heard an angry shout from the twins' bedroom. Rolling his eyes, he quickly made his way over to them. Niki was laughing hysterically, something clutched in her hand, and Fundy was beet red, glowering down at her.

"I kn-knew you were a fuckin' furry," Niki choked out, between laughs.

"I'm not a furry!" Fundy fumed, "Now give that back!"

"What's this about furries?" Eret bit back a smirk.

"Fundy owns—" Niki didn't get any farther, before the man in question clapped a hand over her mouth.

"Nothing!" he squeaked out, "I own nothing!" Wordlessly, Niki threw a headband, with fox ears on it, at Eret, who caught it easily.

"It was a gag gift from Quackity, like a year ago," Fundy grumbled, snatching it back from a snickering Eret.

"Whatever you say, Fundy," Eret grinned, ruffling Fundy's hair.

"Fuck off," Fundy hissed back.

Nearly five minutes after Eret had gone back to his own room, he heard a triumphant, "You packed it! I saw you!" The next thing he heard was a scream of frustration.

Eventually, by some miracle, the residents of all three houses, were all outside and swarming the driveway. Phil took charge immediately, calling, "Alright, everyone! We have four cars, between us, and we're going to take advantage of it. No overcrowding, agreed?"

There was a general murmur of agreement, from everyone, but George, who was asleep on his feet, leaning against Dream. "Okay, who's going to be driving, aside from me?" Phil questioned.

Dream raised his hand, to a chorus of resounding 'no's. "What?!" he laughed, "Why not?"

"Because the last time you drove, you went fifty miles per hour above the speed limitm you muffinhead," Bad giggled. "I'll drive," he added, walking up to stand beside Phil.

"I'll drive too," Niki offered. Phil was quite relieved that, so far, the drivers all seemed to be actually responsible people.

When nobody else spoke up, Techno sighed deeply, walking up to the other three. "I'll drive, I suppose."

"Excellent," Phil clapped his hands, "Now who's riding with who? Four to each car, aside from one."

"I'll ride with Tech!" Tommy offered excitedly, racing over to Techno's side.

"Me too, then," Tubbo said immediately.

"No," Techno said firmly.

"What?" Tubbo began.

"No," Techno repeated, "I think I speak for all of us, when I say that I'd rather drive into a ditch, than be stuck in a car, with both of you, for three days straight."

Tubbo and Tommy both pouted, but agreed not to argue. "I'll keep you company, my good man," Wilbur bounded over to Tommy, slinging an arm around his shoulders affectionately. Tommy grinned, as Techno groaned.

"I'll go with Phil then, I guess," Tubbo sulked, slowly walking over to Phil.

Phil laughed aloud, "No need to sound so excited about it."

"I'll try to tone it down," Tubbo smirked a little.

"George and I'll ride with Niki, if she doesn't mind," Dream offered. George nodded sleepily in agreement.

"Sure," Niki smiled.

"I'll go with you guys!" Sapnap said excitedly.

"Absolutely not," Niki responded firmly, "Remember what Techno said about Tubbo and Tommy? That goes for you and Dream too."

"Whatever," Sapnap pouted, "I'll go with Tommy, then, and we can be exiled from our best friends together."

"You're so dramatic," Fundy laughed, "I'll go with Niki and the lovebirds. One of them is taking

shotgun. I don't want to have to watch them making out in the backseat."

"Ew!" Sapnap yelled, covering his ears with his hands, "I don't want to hear that!"

"Yeah? Well I don't want to *see* it," Fundy snarked back.

"Fair enough," Niki laughed.

"Dream's taking shotgun," George yawned, "I'm going right back to sleep, once we get going."

"I'm with Bad, obviously," Skeppy informed the rest of the group.

"Me too!" Antfrost said hastily, "I'm not driving with any of these lunatics."

Ranboo stepped over to Tubbo and Phil and casually rested an arm on Tubbo's head. "I'll keep you company, Tubbo," he smirked.

"Well now I don't want to be in the same car as you," Tubbo glowered.

"Aw, I love you too," Ranboo chuckled.

"Fuck you," Tubbo muttered.

Eret hesitated, looking back and forth between Phil and Bad, before shrugging. "I'll go with Phil," they decided, "Maybe I'll be able to keep him sane."

"I take offense to that," Ranboo sniffed dramatically.

"I will just start crying if you insult me again," Tubbo agreed.

"Alright, get all your bags in the trunk," Phil called over the multitude of voices, "Your bag with the things you want for the car ride can go at your feet."

After everyone piled their suitcases into the car they'd be riding in, they cheerily waved goodbye to each other. Aside from the two pairs of separated best friends. Tubbo and Tommy were yelling unintelligible goodbyes at each other. Phil thought that it might have been something about soldiers being pulled into separate battalions? Meanwhile, Sapnap was yelling about how he had been betrayed by his best friends.

Eventually, they pulled away from each other, getting into separate cars. Eret took shotgun, while Phil got into the driver's seat. Ranboo sat behind him and Tubbo behind Eret. "Everyone used the bathroom, right?" Phil checked. Three hums of agreement. "And nobody forgot anything?" Three more hums.

"Alright, then, let's get going!" And, with a turn of the key, in the ignition and a press on the gas, they were off.

Chapter End Notes

I really hope you all enjoyed this first chapter!!! This is way different from my usual fics, but I hope I did well!

Any kudos/comments/bookmarks would be super appreciated!

The First Hours

Chapter Summary

Each group's various misadventures within the first few hours of the trip.

Chapter Notes

I should probably clarify that this au takes place in a world without a pandemic :)

For anyone who wants to know:

Car 1- Phil, Eret, Ranboo, Tubbo

Car 2- Techno, Wilbur, Sapnap, Tommy

Car 3- Niki, Dream, George, Fundy

Car 4- Bad, Skeppy, Ant

Enjoy! <3

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Twenty minutes after they left, Techno heard Tommy clear his throat, as if wanting to ask a question, from the backseat. He tightened his grip on the steering wheel, willing himself to keep his temper. Tommy cleared his throat again. Techno continued to ignore him, even as Wilbur started to look up from his phone.

"Technoblade?" Tommy called, sounding unusually hesitant.

"What?" Techno snapped, dreading the answer.

"I have to go to the bathroom," Tommy said quietly, as if ashamed. Three identical groans resounded in the car.

"You're an idiot, Tommy! Why didn't you go before we left?" Wilbur asked incredulously.

"I *did*, dickhead!" Tommy pouted, "I just- might have, perhaps, drank two cans of coke this morning."

"Jesus, Tommy, what is *wrong* with you?" Techno yelled.

"Coke is pretty good, to be fair," Tommy laughed nervously.

"This is *brilliant*," Techno could almost feel Sapnap rolling his eyes, as he spoke.

"Well, there should be a gas station in like two minutes," Techno sighed, "We'd better all go, since we're all apparently five years old."

Sapnap, strangely, seemed to perk up. "Great!" He grinned, "There's something I need to buy."

"Well, that sounds...vaguely ominous," Wilbur muttered, looking back down at his phone.

Techno pulled into the nearest gas station parking lot and muttered tersely, "Everyone out. Be quick."

On the way back out of the gas station, Techno saw Sapnap slip something into his pocket, a devilish grin on his face.

They had driven another fifteen minutes, when Sapnap suddenly spoke up, shamefacedly, "Techno?"

"What?" Techno snapped.

"I forgot to use the bathroom in that gas station..."

"...I'm going to crash this car on purpose."

"Listen, Niki, all I'm saying is that if you let me drive we'll shave off like an hour of the trip," Dream grinned.

"That's what I'm afraid of," Niki muttered tersely, "You're going to kill at least one of us, if you drive."

"But, Niki, think of how much faster we could be going!" Dream wheedled.

"Trust me. That's *exactly* what I'm thinking of," Niki said firmly.

"Oh, c'mon," Dream sighed.

"George, control your man," Niki called back.

Silence.

"He's dead asleep," Fundy laughed, from the backseat, "That's a bit embarrassing for him."

"Yeah, you tell him, furry," Niki rolled her eyes.

"I am not a fucking furry!" Fundy exploded.

"Tell that to your fox ears, furry," Niki grinned.

Dream exploded into wheezy laughter, "H-his *what*!?" Fundy lunged forward in his seat, attempting to strangle Dream from behind.

"I'm going to fucking choke you if you keep laughing," Fundy snarled.

"Kinky," Dream grinned jokingly.

Fundy flushed red, sitting back in his seat, "Ew, now you've made it weird. And in front of George, too?"

"I agree with whatever Dream said," George muttered sleepily.

"I appreciate it," Dream laughed.

"Besides, you think *that's* weirder than being a furry?" Niki commented.

"*Motherfu-*"

"Phil?" Tubbo asked, voice edging on a whine.

"Yes, Tubbo?" Phil acknowledged.

"I'm *hungry*."

"*How?*" Phil asked incredulously, "We left an hour ago!"

"I dunno, but I'm hungry!"

"Well, eat one of the snacks in your bag, then," Phil sighed.

A brief sound of rummaging, before, "Phil? I think I forgot to pack snacks."

"For fuck's sake," Phil muttered under his breath. "You'll just have to wait, then," he said, shrugging.

"I brought two five pound bags of gummy worms!" Ranboo said cheerily, pulling one of them out of his bag.

"Ooo! Can I have some?" Tubbo held out his hand expectantly.

"No! These are *my* gummy worms," Ranboo stuck a handful in his mouth.

"*Ranboo*," Tubbo whined, "Give me the gummy worms!"

"No!"

"Can I have some?" Eret asked from the front seat.

"Yeah, sure!" Ranboo poured some into her outstretched hand.

Phil tightened his grip on the steering wheel, knowing exactly what was coming. Sure enough, Tubbo let out an upset scream. "That's not fair! Why do they get the worms and I don't?"

"Because you're an annoying little shit and Eret isn't," Ranboo responded smugly. Phil heard a brief scuffle in the back and glanced in the rearview mirror to see Tubbo practically on top of Ranboo, clawing to reach the bag. Ranboo was holding it up, out of the shorter teen's reach. "This isn't *fair!*" Tubbo yelled.

"Just share the fucking gummy worms," Phil shouted.

A moment later there was the sound of someone getting hit and then a wail from Tubbo. "*Ow!*" He screeched, "Dad, he—"

"Shh, shh, shh," Ranboo exclaimed frantically, "Look, I'm sorry, okay? Here's some gummy worms. Will you be quiet now?" Phil glanced quickly behind him, to see Ranboo stuffing gummy worms into Tubbo's hands.

"Yay! I got the worms!" Tubbo grinned.

There was blissful silence for a while, until Tubbo spoke up again, “Do you think piss would evaporate in hell?”

“What the actual *fuck*?” Phil laughed incredulously.

“I’m going to kill him,” Ranboo growled, “Phil, mark him down as my first kill.”

“It’d probably depend on how hot it was,” Eret shrugged, “If it was hot enough it might actually ignite.”

“Piss flame!” Tubbo grinned.

“That’s it. I’m killing both of you.”

“What do you think the others are up to, Bad?” Skeppy asked, looking back at Ant, who was listening to music with his eyes closed.

“Who knows. Knowing those muffinheads, probably something ridiculous,” Bad smiled fondly at Skeppy, who rolled his eyes in agreement.

“Hey, guys!” Sapnap exclaimed suddenly, “Guess what I bought?”

“What?” Wilbur asked, turning around to look, wary of Sapnap’s elated tone.

Sapnap pulled a lighter out of his pocket, with a grin. “What the *fuck*?!” Tommy screamed.

“Sapnap, you said Bad confiscated your lighters!” Wilbur gaped.

“He did! That’s why I bought this one!” The nineteen year old said happily. Tommy screamed unintelligibly, as Sapnap lit it, staring at cheerfully at the flame.

“Wilbur?” Techno said, a forced calmness in his tone.

“Yeah?”

“Please, for the love of the gods, tell me that Sapnap isn’t in my car, with a lighter.”

“Uhh, Sapnap isn’t in your car, with a lighter?” Wilbur said hesitantly.

“I know you’re lying,” Techno sighed. He stuck a hand behind him forcefully, “Sapnap. Put that lighter in my hand.”

“No! It’s mine! I bought it with my own money!” The accused argued back.

“Sapnap. Now,” Techno’s voice was dangerous.

“Ugh, fine,” Sapnap sighed, “You’re no fun.” He placed the lighter in Techno’s hand, with a pout.

“I never claimed to be,” Techno said grimly. “Wilbur, put this at the very bottom of your bag and never let Sapnap lay another finger on it.”

“Will do!” Wilbur saluted at Techno, taking the contraband item from his brother’s hand.

"Good thing I bought two!" Sapnap exclaimed cheerily.

"You fucking what?!"

"Ranboo. Ranboo. Ranboo. Ranboo." Tubbo was pestering the slightly older teen, who was determinedly ignoring him. "Ranboo!"

"What?" Ranboo finally snapped back.

"Let's take a car selfie!"

"A what?"

"A car selfie! I want to send it to Tommy, since there's Wifi right now. Look what he sent me." Tubbo clicked on a picture and turned his phone, so Ranboo can see too. It was an extremely blurry picture. All Ranboo could make out was Sapnap holding a lit lighter menacingly and Tommy screaming. A hand that looked like Techno's was grabbing Sapnap by the wrist. Wilbur could be seen in the very corner of the picture, appearing to be laughing loudly.

"I don't think that's a car selfie," Ranboo laughed loudly, "I think that's a picture of a murder."

"I'm sorry, what about a murder?" Phil asked sharply.

"Uh, n-nothing!" Ranboo and Tubbo both said.

"Just a funny picture!" Tubbo clarified.

"Can I see it?" Eret asked.

"Yeah, sure," Tubbo shrugged, holding up his phone for Eret to see.

He burst into loud laughter, "I mean, Ranboo isn't *wrong*."

Phil sighed, sounding somewhere between annoyed and disappointed. Ranboo quickly shook off the automatic tenseness that overcame him at the sound. Not once, in the year he had been living with the family, had Phil done anything more than shout a bit. And, even then, he was never *seriously* angry. "Can you at least tell me that nobody is *actually* dying?" Phil checked.

"Yeah, they're fine," Eret grinned.

"Okay, good," Phil chuckled slightly.

"Ranboo?" Tubbo asked again.

"What?"

"Can I have some more gummy worms?"

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed!! Not me adding a little bit of Ranboo angst lmaoo.

Any kudos/comments/bookmarks would be super appreciated!
Thank you all for reading!

McDonalds! McDonalds!

Chapter Summary

Lunch time.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Techno!” Tommy shouted. They’d been driving for a few hours, since the ‘lighter incident’, as they had all agreed to refer to it as. It was a bit past noon and Techno had honestly been expecting Tommy to start harassing him for food earlier.

“*Techno!*” Sapnap joined in eagerly.

“Yeah, Techno, why don’t you answer?” Wilbur teased, poking Techno’s arm.

“I will actually break your finger, if you ever poke me again,” Techno snapped, much to Wilbur’s apparent amusement.

“Techno, we want McDonalds!” Tommy demanded, leaning forward to poke Techno, as well.

“I checked Google Maps,” Wilbur smirked, “There’s a McDonalds, like, ten minutes down the road.”

“McDonalds!” Sapnap cheered.

“*Fine,*” Techno sighed, “We can get fuckin’ McDonalds.”

“McDonalds! McDonalds! McDonalds!” The other three chanted, all the way to the restaurant.

“I’m about to be arrested for triple homicide,” Techno informed them all, through gritted teeth, as he pulled into the drive-thru.

“Hi, what can I get for you?” A tinny voice asked from through the speakers.

“One black coffee, please,” Techno said, trying his best to not start laughing at the horrified sound of realization from Wilbur.

“Alright, will that be all?”

“Yes, thank you,” Techno replied cheerily.

“What?!” Tommy screeched.

“What is wrong with you?” Sapnap agreed loudly.

“Techno, you’re the meanest person I’ve ever met,” Wilbur said flatly.

“I know,” Techno’s lips twitched, in amusement. Effectively tuning out the sounds of Wilbur complaining, Sapnap yelling, and Tommy crying, he thanked the confused, but entertained,

worker, who handed him his coffee.

"Techno, man, are you serious?" Wilbur asked plaintively.

"Heh? Course I am," Techno resisted the urge to grin. Even if he had to listen to Tommy and Sapnap throwing a tantrum, for the next ten minutes, before he actually bought them food, it was certainly worth it.

"I'm hungry," Fundy informed the car.

"Me too," Niki agreed, looking over her shoulder, "Can one of you look up what restaurants are nearest?"

"I can do it!" The eager offer from George made all three of the other occupants of the car jump.

"What the hell, George?" Dream wheezed, "We thought you were still asleep!"

"I was! But I heard you talking about food, so..." George trailed off, shrugging.

"How did you hear while you were asleep?" Fundy asked incredulously.

"I dunno, I was hungry I guess?" George laughed awkwardly, pulling out his phone to do as Niki had asked. "There's a Taco Bell, in like two miles," he suggested, "We just need to take a left, when we see it."

"Sounds good to me, is everyone else okay with that?" Niki questioned.

Dream and Fundy both agreed easily and George yawned, putting away his phone. "Wake me up, when we get the food," and with that he was fast asleep again.

"H-how the *hell* did he fall asleep that fast?" Fundy asked, mildly horrified.

"You get used to it," Dream chuckled fondly, "It's impossible to have a movie night with that fucker."

"I take offense to that," George spoke up, somehow waking up again.

Fundy yelped, in shock, "*How?*"

"Dad, can we stop for lunch?" Tubbo questioned.

"No, I packed you all lunches. You know that, Tubbo," Phil responded firmly.

"Oh, c'mon," Tubbo whined, "I'm going to start crying if you don't let us get fast food."

"I will literally strangle you if you start crying," Ranboo snapped.

Eret laughed loudly, as Phil sighed. "I was planning on stopping for dinner, but, if you don't eat your lunch, we're not going to have any dinner at all," he threatened.

Tubbo rolled his eyes, knowing the threat to be an empty one, but he complied anyway. "Fuck, okay, okay. I'll eat," he agreed.

Ranboo seemed stiff and frozen, even as he got out his own packed lunch. “Are you okay?” Tubbo asked worriedly, after nearly ten minutes of Ranboo eating mechanically. Phil had stopped at a gas station and he and Eret had gone in to use the bathroom, so it was just Tubbo and Ranboo left in the car.

“H-he wouldn’t *actually* make us go without dinner, right?” Ranboo asked, voice quiet and nervous.

“No, of course not,” Tubbo smiled reassuringly, “He’d never do anything like that, Ran.”

“Oh. Okay. I-I should have known that,” Ranboo laughed awkwardly, though he relaxes quite a bit.

Tubbo gave Ranboo a quick hug, which Ranboo practically melted into and, by the time the other two got back to the car, the teen was as relaxed as ever.

“Skeppy, are you alright with just eating the sandwiches I packed?” Bad asked.

“Yeah, sure, as long as Ant’s cool with it too,” Skeppy agreed.

“I’m alright with whatever,” Antfrost agreed, with a noncommittal shrug.

Bad looked oddly anticipatory, as Skeppy rummaged through his bag for the peanut butter and jelly sandwich Bad had packed him. Antfrost gave Bad an appreciative thumbs up, as he bit into his, which Bad returned with a smile.

Skeppy spluttered, as he bit into his own sandwich. “Bad, what the hell?” Skeppy yelped, “Is this ketchup and peanut butter?”

Bad burst out laughing, as Skeppy glared half-heartedly. “Sorry, Skeppy,” he giggled, “I packed you a real one in *my* bag.”

“I hate you,” Skeppy huffed.

“No you don’t,” Bad grinned.

“No,” Skeppy sighed, “I don’t.”

“Sapnap why aren’t you eating?” Tommy demanded, as Sapnap stared at his phone, rather than eating the cheeseburger in his hand.

“I’m texting someone,” he muttered distractedly.

“Who?” Tommy asked suspiciously.

“Nobody,” Sapnap responded defensively.

Wilbur turned in his seat to study Sapnap’s face for a moment, before turning back around, with a smirk on his face. “It’s either Quackity, Karl, or both,” he informed Tommy smugly.

“What?” Sapnap yelped, “H-how did you-“

"You're *blushing* at your phone, Samsung," Wilbur laughed.

Tommy looked from Wilbur to Sapnap and back again, with a look of growing horror on his face.
"H-he's fucking *what*?" Tommy choked out.

"Sapnap has a couple of little crushes," Wilbur smirked, in a sing-song voice.

"Who the fuck told you that?" Sapnap demanded, looking both irritated and horribly embarrassed.

"Dream," Wilbur shrugged.

"I'm gonna fucking kill him," Sapnap muttered.

"Shaking my head, Sapnap, shaking my head," Tommy said, with an air of great disappointment, "I thought you were above such things."

"What do you *mean*?" Sapnap spluttered.

"*You* know. Thought you were stronger than that," Tommy sniffed, "Thank me later."

"For *what*?" Sapnap exploded.

"Eh, Techno knows."

"I'm sorry, what do I know?" Techno asked sharply.

"Lots of things, probably. For example, what's the worst word you know?"

"What the- you can't just ask people that, Tommy!" Techno looked about ready to smash his head into the steering wheel.

"Well, *I* know another word for cat," Tommy smirked.

"Oh, me too," Sapnap grinned.

"Don't you dare say it," Techno warned.

Tommy and Sapnap glanced at each other, before both starting at the same time, "P-"

Techno shouted over them both, "No."

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed! Any kudos/comments/bookmarks are super appreciated! Not me adding Sapnap/Quackity/Karl for the soul.

Also 1000 hits??? Fuckin poggers!!! Thanks so much, ya'll!

I swore I would put in Ranboo angst for the lads in every chapter, so that's exactly what I did lmfao.

Motel The First

Chapter Summary

It's getting late and people are getting tired.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Guys! Guys!” Tubbo shouted, “Let’s play Eye Spy! I’ll go first!”

”Tubbo, if you say another word I’m going to choke you with your own seatbelt,” Ranboo gritted out irritably, stifling a yawn.

”I think Tubbo’s right,” Eret said loudly, a smirk on his face, “We should *definitely* play Eye Spy.”

”I hate you,” Ranboo deadpanned, groaning, as Tubbo began to loudly talk over him. To his own mortification, he began to feel frustrated tears growing in his eyes. He was completely exhausted and the constant loud chatter from Tubbo throughout the whole day was starting to get overwhelming.

”I spy something... green!” Tubbo exclaimed, a mischievous smile on his face.

”Hm, let me guess,” Eret said, with mock confusion, “It *can’t* be the endless amount of trees on our left, can it?”

Tubbo gasped over-dramatically, “Surely not! How ever did you guess it so easily?”

Ranboo groaned, with frustration, clamping his hands over his ears. “*Stop*,” he gritted out. He heard Tubbo’s laughter die, the moment he looked over at the older teen and felt immediately guilty.

”Ranboo, you okay?” Tubbo asked, voice softening considerably.

”Yeah, I’m fine,” Ranboo muttered, squeezing his eyes shut, “I’m just really tired and you were being really loud. It’s giving me a headache.”

”I’m sorry,” Tubbo frowned sympathetically, “I can be quieter.”

”I have a better idea,” Phil spoke up, voice blessedly quiet, “Let’s stop at a motel for the night. It’s getting late.”

”Thank you,” Ranboo muttered, “I’m sorry about this.”

”It’s alright, we’re not upset,” Eret said softly, reaching back to rub Ranboo’s arm comfortingly.

”Can you text one of your brothers and see if they can stop at the same motel?” Phil asked Tubbo, who nodded, in agreement.

”Yay!” Tubbo whisper-shouted, “Tommy said that they can!” Tubbo gave Phil the directions to the motel that the others had already been planning to stop in. They arrived within a quarter of an

hour and Ranboo stumbled out of the car, grateful for the opportunity to stretch his long legs.

A car pulled into the parking lot a couple of minutes later and four more people joined their little group. Tommy and Tubbo clung onto each other, as if they hadn't seen each other in years. Ranboo smiled fondly at the two, hoping that neither of them would see it.

"I'm sharing a room with Tubbo," Tommy demanded, "Some of you dickheads can come, I guess."

Phil rolled his eyes, before turning to Ranboo, "Techno, Eret, and I can share a room with you, Ran. Those four can be chaotic on their own."

"Hell yeah!" Sapnap grinned, "I can terrorize Tubbo now, too."

"I *am* mildly terrified of you, to be fair," Tubbo laughed nervously.

Ranboo was fairly certain that the entrance of eight people in the middle of the night, four of whom were actively fighting each other, gave the poor employee at the check-in desk a minor breakdown. Techno took it upon himself to put Wilbur, Sapnap, Tommy, and Tubbo, under arrest, marching them (and the suitcases containing their clothes) up to the room they would be staying in, the moment they received the key.

Ranboo Phil, and Eret made the journey to their own room, with considerably less chaos, which Ranboo was grateful for. Usually, he was down to cause some chaos, but his headache was only getting worse and he was happy to be quiet for now. "You doing okay, kiddo?" Phil asked gently, once they got inside.

Ranboo shrugged. "I'm better, I think," he lied, after a moment's thought. Eret, quite tactfully, slipped into the bathroom to change into pajamas, leaving Ranboo and Phil alone.

"Uh huh," Phil said skeptically and Ranboo looked away nervously. "You don't have to talk to me Ranboo, but I'm here if you need me."

"Thank you," Ranboo muttered, thankfully accepting the hug offered by Phil. They stayed in the tight, comforting hug, until the door creaked open behind them and they heard an awkward, "Uhhhh."

Pulling away, Ranboo reddened slightly at the sight of Technoblade standing in the open doorway, a hand still on the door handle. "Uhhhh," he said again, laughing nervously, "Bad time?"

"No, it's fine," Phil laughed, as Techno entered the room and shut the door behind him, with the air of someone walking into a minefield.

"I'll, uh, just be reading if anyone needs me," Techno stammered awkwardly, claiming a bed and opening his book, clearly attempting to blend into the mattress. Ranboo nearly laughed aloud, when he noticed that the book was upside down and that Techno's face was redder than *his*.

"I love you, Ranboo," Phil said softly.

"Love you too, Dad," Ranboo muttered, a bit embarrassed, but more than a bit pleased. Once Ranboo laid down, despite his pounding headache, he was asleep within minutes.

"Tommy! Tommy, look!" Tubbo exclaimed, pointing at the screen of his Nintendo Switch, where he was playing Minecraft. "I built a bee farm! Aren't they adorable?"

"Yeah, sure, but they're not as good as Henry the Cow, are they?" Tommy smirked.

"Yes, they are! I might even venture to say that they're *better*." *Tubbo said stubbornly, though his twitching lips betrayed his amusement.*

"*Venture*," Tommy snorted, "Stop using fancy words, dickhead. You've been talking to Techno too much, Tubs."

This devolved into a petty argument that Wilbur elected to ignore, in favor of investigating Sapnap giggling at his phone. "You texting someone?" He asked, after sliding over to the younger man.

Sapnap jumped, yelping in shock. "Wh-what?" He laughed nervously, "I'm just, uh, texting a friend."

"That *friend* wouldn't happen to be Quackity, would it?" Wilbur asked teasingly.

Sapnap sighed heavily, giving in, "Actually, it's Karl."

Wilbur grinned, "That's *brilliant*. He's so obviously in love with you, Sap. It's adorable, honestly."

Sapnap's cheeks flamed bright red, as he spluttered, "What the- what the hell? He- he's not... uh, *that*."

"Honestly, Sapnap, you flirt relentlessly with all of your friends, including your brother's *boyfriend* and yet you can't accept it, when someone's actually interested in you?" Wilbur scoffed.

"And who do you think you are, giving dating advise?" Sapnap asked incredulously, "Didn't you write a whole-ass song, when that Jared guy stole your girlfriend?"

"Take my advise, or don't!" Wilbur responded defensively, "Your loss, if you choose to ignore how obvious they both are."

"You're fuckin' insufferable," Sapnap groaned, burying his face in his hands, "You're almost worse than Dream, somehow."

"You forget, Sap, I have three little brothers, who I have to annoy. I'm very practiced, in the art of embarrassing people," Wilbur grinned mischievously at him, before gliding back to his own bed.

"Lights out, children!" Wilbur called, comfortably ignoring the screeches of protest from Tommy, at being called a child.

Sapnap began to text Karl goodnight, biting his lip, as he debated with himself. Finally, he sent the text, waiting anxiously for Karl's reply.

He grinned at his phone, laughing, quietly, but giddily, when Karl's response went through. He went to sleep, with the conversation still shining in his mind:

Sapnap: I'm heading to bed. Gn handsome <3

Karl: Night, Sap. I'll be dreaming of you, until we talk in the morning. <3

First of all: Any kudos/comments/bookmarks will be super appreciated!

Second:

OOPS, I DROPPED MY RANBOO ANGST.

Me: *desperately shoving my Ranboo angst into my pockets, while more and more falls out of increasingly absurd locations*

Ranboo feeds us so well, I have no choice but to provide to the frothing masses as well.

Also, apparently I made Sapnap/Quackity/Karl into a whole side plot now? Oops, but pog

Also the streams for the season 2 finale? Fucking poggers? The green boy sucked it for the last time? Dream has a dragon hoard? He got Avengers Endgamed? He got boxed in like a fish? Any truers? Tommy pulled an uno reverse card? We're not going to talk about the bits that made me cry?

Say it with me, everyone: WE DON'T KNOW NOBODY. WE DON'T KNOW NOBODY.

The streams have left me with a feral energy and I feel that I must share it with you all.

Picking Up A Friend

Chapter Summary

Bad has room for a fourth.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

The next morning, Bad woke up in his own motel room to being prodded by Ant. “Bad?” He asked quietly.

“Hm?” Bad said groggily.

“Bad, Sam texted me,” Ant whispered, “He lives nearby and he asked if we could pick him up, on our way.”

Bad grinned, “Yeah! Of course they can come!” Shaking Skeppy awake, Bad popped out of bed.

“Wha’?” Skeppy groaned, “Wha’s happenin’?”

“We’re picking up Sam, Geppy!” Bad explained excitedly, “He wants to come with us!” Skeppy perked up immediately and they got ready quickly, leaving the motel much earlier than they had planned.

It was a detour that would probably add an extra half an hour to the trip, but, in the long run, Bad figured that it was worth it. When they arrived in Sam’s neighborhood, Ant sent him a text and, a moment later, a tall man exited one of the houses and waved to the car.

“Sam!” Bad greeted loudly.

“Hey, guys!” Sam said, as Ant helped him load his suitcase into the trunk of the car. “Sorry to intrude like this. I wouldn’t have asked, if it was too far out of the way.”

“Oh, we know!” Skeppy said reassuringly, “We’re all happy to have you!”

“I’m happy to be a part of this. Thank the gods I didn’t get stuck with any of the others,” Sam added, with a laugh, “You three seem pretty chill.”

Bad and Skeppy exchanged a glance. “Right! Um, we’re super chill!” They both agreed, talking over each other.

Sam groaned.

About an hour later, their dark predictions came true. Skeppy had opened his backpack to find an egg residing inside. Just an egg. Skeppy stared at it, completely baffled. “Bad?”

“Yeah?”

"Why is there an egg in my bag?"

Bad burst out laughing, "I had one too many eggs, when I made them yesterday morning and it was just in my bag, so I put it in yours this morning, because I thought it'd be funny."

"I will throw this out of the window," Skeppy threatened, rolling down his window as he spoke.

"Aw, Skeppy! Don't do that," Bad pouted.

"I might!" Skeppy said, dangling it out of the window. They hit a bump in the road and the egg slipped out of his hand. "No! I didn't mean to actually drop it!"

"Holy shit!" Antfrost shrieked, ignoring Bad's remonstration, "Holy shit! It didn't break! Bad, turn this car around. I need that egg."

"It *what*?" Bad exclaimed, "How did it not break?"

"I- I don't know," Antfrost rolled down his window, hanging out of it to look for the egg, as Bad pulled the car over to the side of the road. The moment the car stopped, both Bad and Ant practically threw themselves out of it to retrieve the egg, before something happened to it.

Sam and Skeppy stared at each other, both completely and utterly confused. "What's so important about it?" Sam asked quietly, "It's just an egg?"

"I don't know and honestly I'm more inclined to just let them have their fun than to argue about it," Skeppy shrugged, rolling his eyes, as they both barrel back into the car breathlessly.

Antfrost is cradling the, completely undamaged, egg in his palms, looking at it with almost reverence. "What's up with that?" Sam questioned.

"It didn't break," Bad explained eagerly, "It *has* to be special."

"It- it's an *egg*!" Sam said incredulously.

"It's a *special* egg," Ant corrected, not looking up.

"Give it to me," Sam held out his hand, "I bet I can break it!"

Ant made a noise that can honestly only be described as a *hiss*, as he pulled the egg closer to his chest and away from Sam. Sam burst out laughing, "What the hell is wrong with you, dude?"

"Language! And also don't hurt the egg, Sam. Don't be mean," Bad ordered.

"I- you know what? Okay," Sam threw up his hands, giving up.

Skeppy buried his face in his hands and groaned loudly, in frustration. It only served to make Sam start laughing again.

Dream's wheezing laugh woke up everyone in his motel room. "What?" George snapped grumpily, from where he had been laying next to the younger man.

"Sap- Sapnap's panicking," Dream choked out between wheezes, "Because- because he thinks that- that Karl h-hit on him."

"And did he?" George questioned, curiosity overcoming tiredness.

Dream nodded breathlessly, handing over his phone so George could see for himself. "Oh my God," George gasped, grinning, "He's popping off?"

"How come *you* never say anything romantic like that to me?" Dream asked playfully, giving George his best puppy dog eyes.

"Because I hate you," George responded easily, shoving the phone back into Dream's hands.

"No you don't," Dream grinned, leaning over to press a kiss to his cheek.

"I do," George maintained, but he was smiling.

"Sorry to interrupt you two," Fundy cut in, nose wrinkling in disgust, "But Bad texted to say that Sam joined the party."

"Oh, that's cool!" Dream responded, nodding.

"And, uh, not to pry, but what was that about Sapnap?" Fundy asked, clearly trying to look disinterested.

"He's got massive crushes on Alex Quackity and Karl Jacobs," Dream laughed, "And one of them seems to be reciprocating and he's panicking about it."

Fundy grinned, "So... what I'm hearing is blackmail?"

"Oh, most definitely," Dream grinned.

Niki flicked Fundy in the back of the head, on her way past, "Like anyone can be blackmailed better than *you*, furry."

"I'm not a fucking furry!" Fundy fumed.

"Besides," Niki smiled, "I think those three would be very cute together."

Dream shook his head, in faux disgust behind her back and Fundy and George both burst out laughing.

Chapter End Notes

Awesamduke supremacy.

(Also I just learned that Sam goes by he/they pronouns and that's pretty poggers)

Also Karlnapity supremacy.

Any kudos/comments/bookmarks would be appreciated! <3

Sorry this one is kinda short lol

Rip the streak of Ranboo angst, but does it count if he's not even in the chapter AND i gave ya'll Ranboo angst in my other fic already??

Tom Gravy

Chapter Summary

Quackity and Dream terrorize George. Niki and Fundy look on in unhelpful amusement.

Chapter Notes

Tom Gravy 😊

(The conversation between George, Quackity, and Dream is HEAVILY inspired by George's stream on Feb. 7 (early morning Feb. 8 if you're british))

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George was woken up about fifteen minutes after they started driving, by his phone ringing obnoxiously. "Hello?" He greeted groggily.

"Ey! George!" Quackity answered loudly. George winced away from the loud voice and put the phone call on speaker, in order to rescue his ears.

"You're on speaker, Big Q," George explained quickly.

"Any askers?" Quackity responded, poorly concealed laughter accompanying his words.

"What the—" George began, only to find that Quackity had already hung up. "Oh my God, why do I even try?"

The other three in the car started snickering at his suffering and he glared at them all. "I hate all of you. I have terrible friends," he declared.

His phone started to ring again and he groaned. "*What?*" He snapped, as soon as he answered.

"Why'd you hang up on me, Georgie?" Quackity asked and George could practically *hear* the fake pout through the screen.

"I literally *didn't*, though. Like, I actually *didn't*," George protested.

"You literally did? Like you literally hung up on me?" Quackity argued and George closed his eyes, in the hopes that it might give him patience.

"You really did, George," Dream smirked at him, "It was really rude, you know."

"Thank you, Dream!" Quackity's voice goes tinny over the speakers, as he raises it, "Anyway, George, did you hear about Tom Gravy?"

"About *who*?" George questioned.

"Tom Gravy! You know him, right? The guy who won his seventh Olympic gold medal the other day!" The younger man said, sounding exasperated.

"Yeah," Dream agreed, "It was his seventh gold medal for... for, uh, for hot dog eating!"

"*Hot dog eating?*" George repeated incredulously.

"Yeah, it's like a whole, big thing," Dream nodded sagely.

"Did you not know this, George?" Quackity asked; scandalized.

"No! It- it's not even the Olympics!" George shouted, "What the hell are you even talking about?"

"We're talking about Tom Gravy," Quackity laughed.

"Oh yeah and his brother, Tony. The guy who won sexiest mugshot," Dream added.

"Sexiest- what?" George stared, in utter confusion.

"He said 'sexiest mugshot', nimrod," another voice came through the speakers.

"Is that *Karl*?" George exclaimed, "Is he with you, Big Q?"

"Carlos is here!" Quackity cheered.

"Yes, I'm with him," Karl laughed, "But, uh, that's not important. What's important was Tony at the Grand Prix last night. Sexiest mugshot, George. You should've seen it."

"The *Grand Prix*? Do you even know what you're saying anymore?"

"Of course I know what I'm saying, George. I always know what I'm saying. It's like you don't even know me," Big Q sniffed dramatically.

"I think he thinks you're dog water?" Karl pitched in, "Like actual dog water?"

"*Is this true?*" Quackity yelled into the mic.

"I mean you're talking actual nonsense, so..." George shrugged.

"It's like you don't even pay attention to sports," Dream sighed, "Disappointing, honestly."

"What do you *mean*? You *know* I don't watch sports!"

"Shameful, shameful," Quackity agreed.

"How do you not know about Tom Gravy?" Dream asked, turning in his seat to face George.

"I- I don't know! What were you talking about, with a hot dog eating contest?"

"Oh, you know his goal for this whole year is like ten thousand hot dogs," Dream said, with a smirk.

"That's a lot of hot dogs," George agreed, with wide eyes, as if he didn't know that Dream is just talking out of his ass.

"Is this flirting?" Quackity accused, "Are you two flirting?"

"Ew, no," George laughed.

"We are literally dating, George," Dream deadpanned.

"I mean, you haven't even asked me to be your valentine yet, so are we *really*?" George crossed his arms stubbornly and looked out the window to hide his smile.

"Will you be my valentine, Georgie?" Dream asked wheedlingly.

"Hm, no, I don't think so," George smirked.

A crash made him turn back around, to find Dream slumped over on the dashboard, pretending to sob into it. He burst out laughing, as did Niki and Fundy. "What's happening?" Karl giggled.

"Dream just *died*," George gasped for breath.

"All around me are familiar faces," Dream screamed into his hands.

Quackity and Karl exploded into laughter, as well. "Oh my *goodness*, he must be heartbroken," Quackity said, in fake sympathy.

Dream sniffed loudly. "Aw, poor Dream," George smiled, "I think we need to call the Wambulance."

"Karl and I are going to head out," Quackity told them, once his laughter calmed down, "We're going to call someone who's missing out on all the fun."

Tommy nearly jumped out of his skin, when Sapnap let out a *very manly* scream. "What the *fuck*, Sapnap?" He demanded.

"Quackity's calling, what the fuck do I do!" Sapnap screeched.

"Just answer it, dumbass," Wilbur responded, without looking around.

"*How?*"

"Like this," Tommy reached across and pressed 'accept call' on Sapnap's phone.

"*TOMMY!* I fucking hate you! I'm going to--"

"Hello?"

"Oh! Hey, Quackity!" Sapnap greeted, voice cracking. He made a throat-chopping motion, with his hand, glaring at Tommy.

"Oi, Big Q! Sapnap's being a--" Tommy started.

Sapnap dove across the seat and clapped a hand over Tommy's mouth. "It's nothing!" He lied quickly, "How are you, Quackity?"

"What, I don't get a greeting?" Karl's voice filtered through the speakers.

"*Oh!*" Sapnap squeaked, "Hey, Karl!"

"We're doing good," Quackity responded, a smile in his voice, "And how are you, handsome?"

Sapnap's entire face went red, as he opened his mouth wordlessly, for a moment. This speechlessness is cured, by Tommy licking his hand, in revenge. "Ew!" Sapnap yelled, "Tommy just fucking licked my *hand*!"

Quackity and Karl's laughter made Sapnap smile softly and Tommy looked away, sticking his tongue out. "Affection. Disgusting," he sniffed.

"Agreed!" Techno called back.

"Shut the fuck up," Sapnap groaned.

"Anyway, Sapnap, have you ever heard of Tom Gravy?"

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is as short as Qua- I mean, this chapter is short, but I don't really care bc this fic is basically just shitposting lmfao

According to ao3's statistics, only a small percentage of you comment on- *gets shot on sight*

JAIL

Chapter Summary

Dream's teasing goes a bit too far and Sam steps in.

Chapter Notes

Not to shamelessly self promote, but my fic "They're Just Children" was updated yesterday, if you're interested in reading it :)

SHITPOST INCOMING:

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

All four cars stopping at the same place for lunch was a *mistake*. It had been ten minutes and Sapnap had already set fire to at least two bags of chips, Ranboo, looking on in mild horror, had already retreated to a corner, with Techno and Phil, and Sam and Skeppy were shouting at Bad and Ant, who couldn't be dragged away from that stupid egg.

"Just go inside the *fucking* restaurant," Skeppy finally snapped at Bad.

"**Language!**!" Bad shrieked, "And they wouldn't let the egg in, so we can't go in either." He folded his arms stubbornly and Sam groaned.

"It's just an *egg*," Skeppy screeched.

Meanwhile, Dream could be seen tormenting Tommy and Tubbo. He had stolen Tommy's two favorite CDs and was holding them high in the air, out of the reach of either teen. "Come get your music," he smirked, waving the CDs just out of reach.

"Fuck you," Tommy growled frustratedly.

"Really, Dream?" Tubbo sighed, "Just fuckin' give them back."

"Hm, no, I don't think I will," Dream grinned.

Tommy and Tubbo exchanged a glance, before both diving at Dream, in an attempt to take him down. "Oh, shit," Dream laughed, taking off at a full sprint. He managed to lose the teens, by weaving through a crowd of people. His eyes locked onto the outdoor table, where Ranboo was sitting alone.

Thrusting one of the CDs into Ranboo's hands he said, "Take care of this for me? And don't tell T Squared that I was here."

"Uh, wh-what?" Ranboo stuttered, but Dream was already gone.

Tommy and Tubbo came skidding up to the table a mere moment after Dream had left. "Ranboo,"

Tubbo panted urgently, though he's giggling, "Have you seen Dream?"

"Uh," Ranboo hesitated, "No?"

"Huh, okay," Tommy frowned, looking around to search for the taller man. "Where the hell did he go?"

Ranboo shrugged uncomfortably, staring down at the table until the other two teens left. After they were gone, he pulled out the journal he liked to keep with him and wrote down his absolute bemusement. He had no idea what the three were up to, but he didn't know why they decided to involve him in their shenanigans.

He had gotten up to order his food and then his journal was gone. He had left it on the table, since he was only supposed to be gone for a minute or two. Where the hell could it have possibly gone? "Phil?" Ranboo poked his adoptive father, "Have you seen my journal?"

"You always have that thing on you," Phil laughed, "How did you lose it?"

"I don't know!" Ranboo was horribly embarrassed to feel anxious tears pricking at his eyes.

A shout from behind them made them both turn. "Oi, Tommy! I got it! I got Mellohi! Here, take it," Tubbo's triumphant laughter reached their ears.

"Where's Cat?" Tommy called back. Ranboo stuck his hand in his pocket, where he had placed the CD Dream had given him.

"Give Mellohi back," Dream insisted, smiling playfully and slinging an arm around Tubbo's shoulder.

"Or, what, bitch boy?" Tommy demanded.

"Or, I'll do the worst thing imaginable to Tubbo," he responded, audibly fighting back laughter.

"And what could that *possibly* be?" Tubbo questioned.

"I'll steal all of your mini doughnuts," Dream said ominously.

Tubbo gasped loudly, "You wouldn't dare, bitch."

"I think I *would* dare, actually."

Tubbo sighed, sounding resigned, "Don't give it up, Toms, I can- I can survive without mini doughnuts." Dream released Tubbo, looking disappointed that his threat hadn't worked.

"A noble sacrifice, Sir Tubzo," Tommy saluted playfully, "But, nobody answered my question. Where's Cat?"

"I happen to have evidence of who might have it!" Dream announced and Ranboo's heart sank. Really? Dream had given him the CD just to rat him out? He slunk closer to the three, leaving a confused and tired Philza behind.

Dream tugged a book out of his bag and Ranboo felt a spike of genuine hurt lance through him. It was his journal. *That's* where it had gone. "This, I believe," the man said, smiling, "Is Ranboo's journal. On the most recent page, is solid evidence that he was, in fact, on my side all along."

He handed the book off to Tommy, who read it aloud, for Tubbo's benefit. "Dream gave me a CD and told me to keep it safe and not to tell Tommy and Tubbo. I don't know why, but it's probably for some stupid prank. I hope it doesn't get me eviscerated, or some shit."

Tubbo let out an overly-dramatic gasp of betrayal, "Surely not! Ranboo, how could you do such a thing?"

"Look, I- I had no idea what was happening. Here's the CD," he handed Cat back to Tommy, who snatched it from his hands eagerly, handing back the journal, in return

"Really, Ranboo?" Dream sighed, looking a bit disappointed, "You're just going to switch sides like that?"

"Swi- what? I was never *on* a side to begin with! Besides, you took my journal. That- that's *private*," Ranboo frowned deeply at the older man, "Speaking of which, how much of it did you read?"

"Eh, just a few pages," Dream shrugged, as if it hadn't been a complete and utter invasion of privacy. Ranboo *knew* that he was overreacting, but he couldn't help feeling upset about it.

"You- you didn't see anything... *really* private, did you?" Ranboo asked cautiously, hugging the journal to his chest. He had that book since before Phil had taken him in. There were a lot of words inside that were extremely personal.

"Nah, I don't think so," Dream waved away his concern.

Something about the situation seemed to have caught the eye of Sam, someone who Ranboo knew was close with Dream, though he, himself, hadn't spoken to the older man much. "What's goin' on?" He questioned, looking between the three teens and Dream.

Ranboo stared at his feet, not wanting to start drama of any kind. "Dream stole our CDs and Ranboo's journal," Tommy spoke up.

"I think it really upset Ranboo," Tubbo added sadly.

"Wait, shit," Dream faltered, as Sam turned a glare upon him. "Did it actually upset you, Ranboo?"

Ranboo shrugged awkwardly, which was just as good as a 'yes'. "Oh, fuck, I'm sorry, Ranboo." When the teen glanced up, Dream really *did* look contrite.

" 's okay," Ranboo mumbled, feeling incredibly awkward.

Sam's glare softens slightly, but he still points an accusing finger at Dream, "Jail for you, good sir."

Dream groaned, "Sam, *seriously*? You haven't done this since I was a kid."

"Jail," Sam insisted, "You made someone sad, so now you get a supervisor for twenty-four hours."

"Saaam," Dream whined, "Really?"

"Yep," Sam nodded, clearly fighting a smile, "Now let's go eat lunch." Dream automatically started drifting towards the table where Sapnap was seated and Sam shook his head. "Empty table, Dream. You know the drill."

"But, *Sam*," Dream gave the older man his best puppy dog eyes and Ranboo couldn't help

laughing out loud. “I haven’t seen him for like a day and a half, Sam.”

Sam sighed long-sufferingly, “*Fine*, if he wants to take pity on you, he can.”

“Yes!” Dream cheered and the two went off together to find an empty table.

“So... what’s that about?” Tommy asked Sapnap, who laughed.

“Oh, you know Sam’s older than Dream, Ant, and I, by a few years,” Sapnap grinned, “So, sometimes, when we were kids, if we were like *really* mean to someone, or did something particularly stupid, he would put us in ‘jail.’ Meaning, he would watch us for one full day, except for, y’know, when we were sleeping, or in the bathroom, or other shit like that.”

“That sounds... unpleasant,” Ranboo commented. He would hate the feeling of being watched all the time. A shiver ran up his spine, just at the thought.

“Nah, it wasn’t. Not *really*,” Sapnap smiled fondly, “It’s *Sam*, y’know? He always found some way or another to make it fun for you. Half the time he’d forgive us, before we served our full time and let us go early.”

“He seems... nice,” Tommy said, with an odd look on his face. It almost looked physically painful for him to give someone a compliment. Ranboo smothered a laugh and saw Tubbo do the same. The two made eye contact, by accident, and almost lost it entirely.

“You should talk to him sometime,” Sapnap urged, “You’ll like him. Real good with kids, Sam is.”

“I’m not a *kid*,” Tommy snapped, looking offended, “I am a big man. The biggest. *And* the strongest. And the one with the most women. But, not in a disrespectful way. I love women. They’re... pogchamp.” There was a pause, “But, uh, d’you think Sam likes Animal Crossing?”

Tubbo and Ranboo had to remove themselves from the situation, before they burst a lung trying not to laugh. The moment they were out of earshot, they laughed, until they were gasping for air. Maybe it wasn’t such a bad day, after all.

Chapter End Notes

RANBOO ANGST IS BACK. ARE YOU PROUD OF ME? BE PROUD OF ME. /j
/lh

KUDOS/COMMENTS/BOOKMARKS. YOU KNOW THE DRILL PEOPLE. THIS IS THE PART WHERE I DESPERATELY BEG FOR VALIDATION.

shakes hat at the crowd Spare change for the greedy, I mean needy, sirs, ma’ams, and mxs?

Lost In The Shuffle

Chapter Summary

Tommy somehow winds up in the car, with Dream and Sam.

Chapter Notes

FIRST OF ALL, HOW WE FEELIN LADIES, GENTLEMEN AND SOPHISTICATED NONBINARY PEOPLE?

I COPE WITH ANGST BY WRITING FUNNY CAR DRIVING TO VACATION DESTINATION FIC. ALSO BECAUSE I WILL SHAMELESSLY SELF PROMOTE, READ MY OTHER TWO NEW FICS THAT ARE UP PLEASE :)

LOVE YOU ALL, ENJOY!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sam ordered a rearrangement of seating, in order to maintain the ‘grounded’ aspect of Jail. Niki wound up in the car, with Wil, while Fundy claimed a seat, in the middle of Tubbo and Ranboo. Phil wasn’t sure how he felt about that. Wilbur had claimed Fundy as his son, for some reason, and Fundy had taken to calling Phil ‘grandpa.’ It made Phil feel too old.

George just collapsed into the back seat, in Bad’s car and promptly fell asleep. “He’s been awake for what? Four hours? Is that a record?” Sapnap asked, examining the sleeping man, with a grin.

“Do you think that he’ll like the egg?” Bad asked eagerly. Skeppy rolled his eyes and Sapnap backed off, before he could get in the middle of an argument.

Tommy had climbed into the back of the car that Sam was now going to be driving, in order to torment Dream. “Imagine being in prison,” he laughed, “Embarrassing.”

Dream shot him a glare, “At least I never cried over someone stealing a CD.”

“Shut the fuck up,” Tommy glared right back, folding his arms over his chest.

“So you admit that you *did* cry?” Dream smirked slightly.

“So, since when did you get demoted to back seat?” Tommy changed the subject.

“*You* shut up,” Dream shot back. Tommy smiled and turned away.

Sam got into the car a moment later and, looking back, had to do a double take. “Tommy?”

“Um, hello?” Tommy said awkwardly.

“I thought you were in Techno’s car?” Sam said, looking slightly panicked.

"Well, I'm not? I can leave," Tommy put a hand on the door handle.

"Wait," Sam said tightly and Tommy stared, "The others, uh, they already left. Like, ten minutes ago, actually."

"They fuckin forgot me?" Tommy screeched, "I know I'm the youngest of five, but I didn't think I was *that* forgettable."

Sam gave him a sympathetic look, "Sorry, Tommy. We can call your dad, if you want?"

Tommy was already aggressively tapping on his phone. "Phil," he whined into the speaker.

"Yeah, Tommy?" Phil's voice responded.

"Techno forgot me," Tommy pouted and Dream laughed out loud. Sam glared at him and Dream held up his hands in surrender.

"Are you with anyone?" Phil asked quickly, sounding worried.

"Yeah, I'm with Sam and the bitch," Tommy huffed.

"Oh, good," Phil said, breathing a sigh of relief, "I've met Sam before. You'll be fine, with him, Toms."

"Ugh, fine," Tommy snorted, "Bye then."

"Love you," Phil said.

"Yeah, *love you, Tommy*," Tubbo's teasing voice called over the speakers.

"Shut the fuck up, bitch boy," Tommy snapped, though he's smiling, "The only person who is ever allowed to say that to me is Philza Minecraft."

Laughter from Phil was heard, along with audible pouting from Tubbo. "Alright, stay safe, Tommy," Phil laughed.

"I will, bye Dad," Tommy said, with a roll of his eyes and hung up.

"Um, not to be an alarmist, or anything, but hasn't Tommy been awfully quiet?" Sapnap questioned.

"Shit," was all Wilbur said, laying his face down on the dashboard, in utter despair.

Techno groaned, "I thought you did a head count."

"I thought *you* did," Wilbur shot back, "Fuck, Phil's going to call us, when he finds out."

"I'm not scared of anything," Techno snorted. Not even a minute later, Wilbur's phone rang.

"Yeah?" Wilbur asked slowly.

"How the *fuck* did you forget your brother?" Phil asked, in a tight voice.

"Correction. I'm scared of *one* thing," Techno muttered and Sapnap stifled a laugh.

"I don't know," Wilbur groaned.

"In our defense, we arrived with four people and left, with four people," Techno said defensively.

"That's true," Niki piped up, "I kinda took Tommy's seat."

Phil sighed deeply, "Well, he's safe, with Sam, so you don't have to worry. Just... don't lose any of your brothers again, yeah?"

"Yep," Techno muttered, "Sorry."

"Same," Wilbur agreed.

"Alright, I love you both, talk to you later," and, with that, he hung up.

"That was terrible," Wilbur groaned.

"So... I guess we shouldn't accidentally abandon Tommy again?" Techno said awkwardly.

"Yeah... definitely not."

Tubbo wasn't sure how it had happened, but, one second, Ranboo had been playing Undertale, on his Switch and, the next, he was openly sobbing, as he played.

"Uh, you alright, Ranboo?" Tubbo asked cautiously.

"This is just such a good game," Ranboo said, looking up at Tubbo, with tears streaming down his face, "And there's something about it that's so special, but it's so sad. *The song* is playing and- and Asriel is about to die and I just-" He dissolved into tears again.

"It really is a good game," Eret pointed out and Fundy nodded, in agreement.

Ranboo clicked a few buttons, before letting out a pained shriek. "No! It switched to the music box version!"

"Pog through the pain, Ranboo! Pog through the pain!" Tubbo said encouragingly.

"Thank you," Ranboo sniffed. Undertale really was a remarkable game.

"So, uh, Sam?" Tommy said hesitantly. He hated how nervous he got around adults he didn't know well.

"Yeah?" Sam asked. Tommy decided that he liked Sam's voice.

"Do you... know what Animal Crossing is?" Tommy asked, ignoring Dream's snort of laughter.

"I've heard of it, but I've never actually played it," Sam admitted, "Do you like it?"

Tommy's face lit up, when he realized that was Sam was offering to let him ramble. "So, the newest game is good, but I prefer the old ones-" he started and didn't stop, until he was out of breath.

"That sounds like fun!" Sam smiled, "You'll have to show me properly, sometime."

"Wait, really?" Tommy grinned slowly.

"Yeah, of course," Sam nodded and Tommy bounced slightly in place, in excitement.

Sapnap had been right, after all. Tommy *did* like Sam. He liked them very much. Maybe he'd be able to have fun, in this car, after all.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you all enjoyed this fucking train wreck! This is the part where i beg for validation, ya'll get it by now lmao. Me writing the Tommy angst yesterday and then jumping to this: PARKOUR

I now listen to Lemon Demon thanks to Mr. Boo, so, uh, that's a thing now ig.

Btw, I'm??? So proud??? Of Ranboo??? I was there for most of the 12 hour stream and I cried??? So many times??? Like, I was already crying for so many of the Undertale scenes and then we would just hear HIM crying and it made me cry harder lmao

Anyway, bye! See you! Drink water and eat food a proper amount of times and take care of yourselves, or some shit idk. Love you, bye!

Mr. Minecraft, I threw up :(

Chapter Summary

They stop for the second night.

Chapter Notes

TW: brief panic attack

Lmao you thought you were safe on this fic

Enjoy you glorious motherfuckers!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The second night, none of the cars wanted to group up. Skeppy and George texted the others, saying that they needed to isolate Bad and Ant, who, apparently, had started to take the whole egg thing a bit too far. Dream was still in ‘prison’ and Sam wasn’t going to let up, until the next day. Technoblade flat out refused to share a room, with any more people than was absolutely necessary.

So now, Phil was in a motel room, listening to Tubbo ramble, while he tried to fall asleep. Fundy and Ranboo had both managed to fall asleep, even through the noise. Eret was much too encouraging of some of Tubbo’s less safe ideas. The words, “Do you reckon I could build my own nukes?” made him sit up sharply.

”No!”

Eventually, the other four all settled down and the room grew blissfully dark and quiet. It felt as if Phil had only been asleep for a few minutes, when he felt *someone* standing over him. Now, don’t get Phil wrong. He loved Ranboo *very* much. The moment he had brought Ranboo home from the orphanage, a little over a year ago, he had known that this anxious, sweet kid was his son.

However. He would be lying, if he said that he didn’t seriously contemplate jumping out of the nearest window, when he heard a very quiet, “Mr. Minecraft? I threw up.” He pretended to be asleep for another moment, in order to collect himself and, when he opened his eyes, Ranboo already seemed to be making his way back to his own bed.

The tall, lanky boy looked like some sort of cryptid; lit up by the moonlight streaming through the curtains. ”Ranboo?” Phil called, in a whisper.

Ranboo jumped, turning back around, nervously twisting his fingers together. “I’m sorry,” he whispered, “I shouldn’t have woken you up. There’s nothing you can do about it now and- and I shouldn’t have bothered you.”

Phil softened immediately, beckoning Ranboo back over, with a wave of his hand, as he sat up. “It’s alright, kiddo,” he reassured him softly, “C’mere, you can sit next to me.”

Upon closer inspection, Phil could see tears still staining Ranboo's face. He opened his arms, in a silent invitation, and Ranboo collapsed into them, sniffing quietly. "I'm really sorry for being so annoying," the teen said, in a small voice, "You need sleep."

"And I'll get it after you're feeling better," Phil said firmly, "What kind of dad would I be, if I left my kid to cry himself to sleep?"

Ranboo's silent for a long moment, letting Phil hold him tightly. "Thanks for caring about me," he said, voice slurring, with tiredness.

"Always," Phil promised, rubbing his back comfortingly.

"I l've you, Dad," Ranboo mumbled. Before Phil could respond, he felt Ranboo become something of a dead weight. He realizes, with a fond chuckle, that Ranboo had fallen fast asleep, with his face tucked into his dad's shoulder.

Only a few minutes later, Eret woke up, presumably to use the bathroom, but froze, when he saw the two. With a look of absolute delight on their face, he grabbed his phone and snapped a quick picture. Phil rolled his eyes and she smirked, sending him a wink. Perhaps Phil would have been more irritated, if he too hadn't fallen asleep, within another five minutes.

Eret took one more picture, for good measure. He wouldn't use it for blackmail, but Wilbur could probably find some use for it.

In another motel, somewhat close by, Niki and Sapnap had a serious conversation. "So," Niki started, "I have a problem."

"Elaborate," Sapnap said, steepling his fingers and eyeing her, as if he were a lawyer.

"I have a lighter," Niki explained and Sapnap grinned, "And I asked two people whether or not I should use it. My girlfriend told me that I'm not allowed to commit arson, but my friend said that I *should*, y'know... light something on fire. Advise."

"Well, the answer, of course, is always to commit arson," Sapnap smirked, "And I happen to have a lighter too, so..."

"You want to burn something?" Niki asked nonchalantly.

"*Fuck yeah!*" Sapnap nearly clapped, with excitement.

They ended up smuggling a potted plant out of the motel and into the parking lot. Somehow, they managed to not wake up either Techno, or Wilbur, in the process. There *was* one scare, when Techno had rolled over and had appeared to be staring right at them. They had frozen, before they had realized that the fucker slept with his eyes *open*.

"That man is terrifying on *so* many levels," Sapnap breathed, a hand over his pounding heart. Niki nodded in fervent agreement.

Once they were out in the parking lot, they each lit the tip of a leaf, on the little tree and watched in both satisfaction and fascination, as the fire consumed the plant. They both nearly jumped out of their skin, when a groggy voice said, "D'we have anything else to burn down?"

"Wilbur!" Niki squeaked, in shock, "You fucking scared me!"

"Sorry, Niki," Wilbur smiled lightly, "I saw that you two were gone and I wanted to join your controlled arson."

"No," another voice said, gravelly, with sleep.

"Oh! Hey, Techno!" Wilbur laughed nervously.

"No," Techno repeated, "Get your asses back to bed, all of you. I don't want to be the one to explain to Phil why the three of you got sent to prison."

"C'mon, Techno," Wilbur rolled his eyes, "It's not like you're a saint either."

"No, I'm not," Techno rolled his eyes, as he chucked the (mostly burned) plant into the nearby bushes and herded them back into the motel, "But I know how not to get *caught*. You three couldn't even get out of a room without getting noticed."

"That's fair," Sapnap nodded.

"So..." Wilbur started.

"You'll teach us how *not* to get caught, right?" Niki finished for him.

Techno sighed long-sufferingly and they all drooped. He didn't say a word, until they were all in bed. Right before he turned out the light, he grumbled, "Remind me to give you some tips tomorrow."

Tommy didn't much like staying in a motel alone, with Dream and Sam. He *knew* Dream, sure, and he trusted Sam well enough, but it was strange to be alone with them. It had been fine in the car, when it had been bright daylight and Tommy was wide awake. But now, when he was tired and in the dark, it scared him somewhat.

It made him think back to some of the less savory people he and Tubbo had been left with, before Phil had come into their lives. Only this time, he didn't even have Tubbo. He knew that he was being dramatic, but this mindset was, perhaps, why he had a nightmare, for the first time in months, that night.

He woke up sometime in the night, gasping for breath, without a clue of what he might have been dreaming of. The room was too dark and too quiet and it didn't do anything at all to help Tommy calm down. His breath grew shorter, with every gasp, and he was starting to panic.

A hand on his arm made him jump, but, when he looked up, it was just Sam. "Hey, you okay?" The man asked, in a gentle voice.

Tommy tried to nod, but ended up just rasping, "No."

"Alright, that's okay," Sam knelt down beside Tommy's bed, getting on his level, "Are you having trouble breathing?"

Tommy nodded silently and Sam held his hand out, for Tommy to take. "Here, can you copy my breathing?" Sam was breathing slowly and steadily; a solid, comforting presence. After some time of just breathing, in a comfortable silence, (Sam giving him soft encouragement occasionally) Tommy's breathing finally steadied.

"You back with me, kid?" Sam asked, with a small smile.

"Yeah," Tommy mumbled, embarrassed, "That was fuckin' stupid."

"I don't think it's stupid," Sam informed him, with a thoughtful tilt of his head, "Everyone gets nightmares."

Tommy scoffed, "Yeah, okay. I don't need pity."

"I get nightmares sometimes. Do you think *I'm* stupid?" Sam asked him seriously.

Tommy recoiled, "No! Of course not."

"Exactly," Sam squeezed his hand and shot him a quick smile. "I'll let you get back to sleep, Toms."

Before Tommy could stop himself, he blurted out, "Will you stay?"

He cringed at his own words. How *stupid* did he have to be? How could he have asked someone that he *barely* knew to stay with him, just because he had a nightmare? Sam probably hated him now and- "Sure."

"What?" Tommy stared.

"Sure," Sam shrugged, "Scoot over."

"Oh," Tommy blinked, doing as Sam had asked, "You're not... irritated with me?"

Sam chuckled lightly, "Tommy, I helped raise Dream and Sapnap. I'm used to much worse than this."

"Oh," Tommy said again, "Um, thanks, Sam."

"Anytime," Sam gave his hand another squeeze, before letting go.

Tommy would go to the grave, with the secret that he slept better that night than he had in years. Similarly, Sam would never admit that it took him all of one day to gain a fifth honorary brother. Not that it mattered what they would, or wouldn't, admit. Everybody saw it anyway.

Chapter End Notes

Oops! I dropped my Ranboo and Tommy angst. Can ya'll pick that up for me? :)
Anyway, kudos/comment/bookmark if you enjoyed!

ANNOUNCEMENT! I'M MAKING THIS AU A SERIES BECAUSE I AM POWERFUL. Seriously, though. I'm having so much fun writing this less serious fic and I want more! And I have ideas for this series! So, if you want to see more of this au outside of this story (which is not over by a longshot) than like bookmark the series or some shit!

Anyway! Love you all lots! Stay safe and all that shit and I'll see ya'll later!

Jump Out The Cadillac

Chapter Summary

JUMP OUT THE CADILLAC

Chapter Notes

Some healing for you lovely people lmao. Canon? Who's she? Never heard of her.

Btw, I'd like to clarify that the Dream in this au is in no way supposed to be a bad person. He just... fucks up sometimes lmao. (Canon Dream is an evil fucker though lol)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy woke the next morning, to sun streaming through the open windows and the noise of quiet rummaging. He cracked an eye open to see Sam repacking everything he had taken out of his suitcase the night before. He was humming softly to himself; a little off tune, in a comforting way, and Tommy found himself wanting to hum along.

He stopped himself forcefully, however, when Dream accidentally made eye contact with him from across the room. The older man raised a mocking eyebrow and Tommy glared at him. Sam turned to find what Dream is looking at and smiled, when they saw Tommy. Tommy could feel himself going red, with the memory of what had happened the night before, and turned sharply to bury his face in his pillow.

Dream failed to stifle a snicker and Tommy wanted to simply crawl into a hole and die. No way in *hell* had he asked a man he barely knows to *stay with him while he slept*, just because he had a nightmare. Tommy groaned into his pillow. Sam probably thought that he was a total weirdo now. Which shouldn't matter at all. Because why should Tommy care what Sam thinks of him?

Dream was still laughing, so Tommy steeled himself and sprung out of bed. "The fuck are you laughing at, bitch?" He snapped.

"Don't mind him," Sam said in a mock whisper, "He's just bitter that I'm not letting him drive with George today."

Dream's mouth snapped shut at *that* and it was Tommy's turn to laugh. Sam winked at him and Tommy could feel his previous embarrassment lighten somewhat. Sam seemed as calm as ever and it almost felt contagious. He grinned at the older man, who returned the smile easily.

Tommy ducked his head to hide a softer, more genuine smile. Yeah, maybe Sam didn't hate him after all.

"Oh no, oh no, oh no," Sapnap groaned.

"What's up?" Niki looked over to Sapnap, who appeared to be contemplating jumping out of the window.

"Karl and Quackity want to meet up with us, once we get to the beach," Sapnap buried his face in his hands, ignoring Wilbur's laugh from the front seat.

"Isn't that a good thing?" Niki questioned.

"No!" Sapnap shook his head, "It is very much *not* a good thing. I haven't met up with them in person, since—" he cut himself off, "Well, the point is, they're going to think I'm weird."

"No mental breakdowns in my car," Techno ordered, sounding fairly uncomfortable, "Take it outside, if you have to."

"We're driving sixty miles an hour," Sapnap responded, "What am I supposed to do? Jump out?"

"I will pull over and dump you on the freeway, if necessary," Techno raised an eyebrow, as if daring Sapnap to doubt the legitimacy of his threats.

"Um, got it," Sapnap gave him an awkward thumbs up and Techno nodded, smiling slightly.

"They're not going to think you're weird, Sap," Niki rolled her eyes, "They're so fucking in love with you, it's not even funny anymore."

"*Thank you, Niki!*" Wilbur said, clapping his hands together, "It's what I've been saying for ages now. Believe me now, Sapnap?"

Sapnap groaned loudly. "This is all Tommy's fault," he sighed, "It's all because he made me answer the phone yesterday."

Niki hummed thoughtfully. "We can prank him, once we get to the beach. My friend Jack Manifold would probably be happy to help."

"Revenge!" Techno cheered.

"Get his ass!" Wilbur shouted, in agreement.

Sapnap and Niki both saluted at the twins. "Will do," Sapnap laughed.

"Let's call Jack," Niki said eagerly, "We can get started on our evil plot."

"Punt the child!" Were Techno's eloquent words of support. Niki and Sapnap were appreciative of them anyway.

Dream and Tommy had been yelling at each other, practically nonstop, since they had left the motel an hour ago. How Sam hadn't lost their mind yet, would remain a mystery forever. Regardless, it was probably a bad idea to leave the two alone in the car, while Sam stopped to grab snacks at a gas station. Particularly because neither had taken a front seat.

"Now *this interstate is paved with memorieees,*" Tommy sang off-key at the top of his lungs.

"Shut the fuck up. All the doors are open, anyone can hear you!" Dream yelled, "Besides, I made *one* song. *One!* You don't make fun of Wilbur for his music."

"Maybe because they're actually good, bitch boy," Tommy grinned.

"You are an annoying child," Dream glared.

"You are an irritating, disgusting man," Tommy shot back.

"You cried when I stole your CDs," Dream said smugly.

"Did not, bitch," Tommy defended, "Besides, *you* cried because you're being separated from George for twenty-four fucking hours."

"That's not true!" Dream crossed his arms over his chest.

"Yeah, okay," Tommy smirked. He put on a high-pitched voice, "Oh, Sammie! You can't separate me from George! He is my life essence and I would simply die without him."

"Shut up!" Dream groaned, "This is actual hell on earth." Tommy opened his mouth, probably to start singing again, and Dream lunged across the car, in an attempt to cover Tommy's mouth.

Tommy jerked back to avoid Dream's hand and Dream may have, possibly, accidentally shoved Tommy out of the car. Dream's first instinct was to laugh at the way the boy had flailed to stay upright. His laughter, however, was pretty quickly quelled, when he realized that Tommy wasn't moving. "Uh, Tommy?" Dream checked.

He received no answer. Dream leaned over to examine the teen and cursed, when he realized that he was clearly unconscious. He had probably hit his head too hard on the ground, in the fall. "Oh, fuck," Dream muttered, "*Oh, fuck.*"

Sam was going to be pissed.

Chapter End Notes

This is short, but if you enjoyed, drop a comment or kudos or something ig lol.
Validation go brr.

Btw, don't worry too much about Tommy. There won't ever be more than mild angst in this fic and never more than moderate angst in the series as a whole :]

Also, fuckin wild how if you go outside, the sun is actually warm?? Like... who would've guessed??

Youngest Child Privilege

Chapter Summary

Sam finds out what happened.

Chapter Notes

First of all, I'd just like to say that I do not endorse not getting medical attention for head injuries. I just can't afford to derail my fic THAT much lmfao.

Anyway, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Sam was suspicious the moment he walked into the parking lot and found Dream waiting by the door, shifting nervously from foot to foot. "What's going on?" Sam questioned dryly, raising an eyebrow.

"Uh, hypothetically if a teenager hit their head on concrete so hard it knocked them out, would that be bad?" Dream asked tentatively.

"For fuck's sake," Sam sighed, setting off for the car at a jog. In the backseat, was Tommy, who was clearly just waking up. He rubbed his head, groaning, and squinted up at Sam. "Oh, thank the gods you're not dead," Sam breathed.

"What the fuck happened?" Tommy asked.

"That's a good question, Tommy," Sam said in a dangerously calm voice, turning to face Dream, "What *did* happen?"

"U-um," Dream laughed nervously, "He was being annoying, so I... might have pushed him? And he fell out of the car. I didn't mean for him to fall out, I swear!"

Sam shot him a glare and Dream shrunk back slightly, looking apologetic. Turning back around, Sam addressed Tommy instead, "Okay, how're you feeling, kid?"

"Like shit," Tommy responded eloquently, eyeing Dream with something like distrust.

"I'm going to call your dad," Sam said, pulling his phone out of his pocket.

"No, wait!" Tommy protested, "I'm fine, I promise!"

"Tommy, you were *unconscious*. You're not fine," Sam shook his head, "Honestly, you should go to the hospital."

"No, no, no," Tommy argued, "I don't want to go to the hospital. I don't like hospitals."

Sam rubbed his nose exasperatedly and said, "Well, it's up to your dad, I suppose. If he thinks that you'll be okay without going to the hospital, then I won't make you go." Tommy relaxed somewhat at that and went back to glaring suspiciously at Dream.

Phil didn't know what to expect when he glanced down at his ringing phone and saw that Sam was calling. "Can you answer, Eret?" Phil asked, "If it's important, I'll pull over."

"Sure," Eret smiled, accepting the call. His smile faded slightly, as he put the phone to his ear. "Pull over," they muttered.

"What's happened?" Tubbo asked from the back, sounding concerned.

"Hold on," Eret whispered, not at all unkindly. "Mhm," he said to Sam, "Yeah, we'll be there in a minute. Phil pulled over, d'you want to talk to him? Okay... okay... bye, Sam. See you in a bit. Tell Tommy that I hope he feels better." He handed the phone off to Phil and twisted in his seat to face the two teenagers.

"What's going on?" Ranboo questioned, fiddling anxiously with his sleeves.

"Apparently Tommy got knocked out," Eret grimaced, "And he's refusing to be taken to the hospital. Sam wanted Phil there, of course. They're sending him the location."

"Did- did they get in a car accident, or something?" Tubbo's brow was furrowed.

"Apparently Sam left Dream and Tommy alone in the car for a minute and, according to Dream, they got into an argument. He pushed Tommy and accidentally shoved him out of the car," Eret looked, rightfully, pissed at Dream.

"What an asshole," Tubbo frowned. After a pause, he added, "I'm going to chop his dick off."

Eret and Ranboo both burst into startled laughter and Tubbo allowed himself a small smile. "Seriously, though, is Tommy okay?" Ranboo bit his lip nervously.

"Well, he's awake and coherent, so I don't think he's doing too bad," Eret shrugged.

Phil hung up and turned to face the other three, looking worried. "They're only about ten minutes away," he informed them, "Five, if I speed."

"Should we call Wil and Techno?" Ranboo asked.

Phil hesitated. "Well, no sense in worrying them, until we've gotten all the facts," he said, "If Tommy wants us to call them, then we will, of course."

It wasn't long before Tommy saw Phil's car pulling into the parking lot. The four occupants of the car all exited it and walked towards the other three. Tommy could see Ranboo skirt around Dream, eyeing him mistrustfully. Tubbo stared at Tommy, looking more anxious than he probably thought he did.

Tommy slumped dramatically, crying out, "I've died, Tubbo, I've died! That green son of a bitch killed me, you know?" Tubbo laughed and Tommy hid a smile in his sleeve.

"Hey, Toms," Phil smiled softly at him and Tommy wanted nothing more than to surrender his brave front and ask for a hug. It turned out that Tommy didn't *need* to ask, because Phil seemed to

see it in his eyes, anyway. He opened his arms invitingly and Tommy dove into them, abandoning all sense of propriety.

"My head hurts," he whined into Phil's shoulder. Quickly, he added, "But not bad enough that I should go to the hospital. In fact, I don't think I should go to the hospital at all."

Phil laughed softly and Tommy frowned. "Don't make fun of me, dickhead," he pouted.

"I'm not making fun of you," Phil assured him, "As long as you're not seeing double, than you should be fine," he added.

"Can I call Wilby, please?" Tommy asked, blinking up at Phil. Hey, he was allowed to be pathetic on purpose, on occasion, if it got him what he wanted.

"Course you can," Phil smiled, "I think Dream and I need to have a bit of a talk, anyway."

"Kill his ass," Tommy agreed, nodding sagely, as he scrolled through his contacts. Tubbo and Ranboo crowded into the car next to him, encouraging him to put his phone on speaker.

"Tommy's calling, cease your plotting, for the moment," Wilbur warned the car, as he picked up.

"What's up, you fuckin' loser?" Wilbur answered the phone *extremely* eloquently.

"Wilby," Tommy whined.

Wilbur let out a soft *aw* involuntarily at the unexpected nickname and Techno shot him a suspicious glare. "Did he do the thing again?" He questioned in a stage whisper.

"Oh, shut the fuck up," Wilbur snapped, in a whisper, holding the phone away from his face, "Like you wouldn't kill a man for him, whenever he calls you 'Techie'."

"That's it. I'm officially disowning you," Techno glowered, face reddening.

"It's the youngest child privilege," Sapnap spoke up unhelpfully, "I called Dream 'Dreamie' last week, because he wouldn't share the ice cream."

"Did it work?" Niki asked interestedly.

"Of course it did," Sapnap turned his nose up disdainfully, "What? Do you take me for some kind of failure?"

"Okay, okay, shut up," Wilbur waved at them to be quiet. "Yeah, Tommy?" He finally responded, voice softer than it had been, when he had first answered.

"I got knocked out," Tommy said next. Wilbur gaped. He's not exactly surprised, but he hadn't expected to hear something like that at the moment.

"What the *fuck*? Where are you?" He asked, sitting up straighter.

"Just at some gas station," Tommy responded casually like Wilbur wasn't panicking, "Phil and everyone is here and Sam's being nice."

"Hi, Wil!" Tubbo's voice filtered through the speakers.

"Hey, Wilbur," Ranboo called, voice subdued.

"Where are you? Send your location to Techno," Wilbur ordered. Pulling the phone away slightly, he told the car, "He got knocked out."

"Deserved," Techno responded immediately and Niki laughed, though they both looked worried.

"Okay," Tommy sighed and a moment later Techno's phone pinged.

"What happened?" Wilbur demanded.

"Dream accidentally knocked me out," Tommy sighed, "Dad's yelling at him right now and Sam yelled at him earlier."

"Well, he's going to have to deal with one more person yelling at him," Wilbur said through gritted teeth, "Irresponsible bastard." Tommy laughed at that and Wilbur softened again. "Alright, we'll be there soon. Just hang tight, yeah?"

"Wilby, I'm *fine*," Tommy groaned, but Wilbur knew that he would have been hurt if the older of the two *hadn't* fussed over him a bit.

"I know you are," Wilbur rolled his eyes, "Doesn't mean I can't be worried about you."

"You're clingy, Big Dubs," Tommy informed him, "Like Tubso."

"Hey!" Tubbo exclaimed.

Wilbur chuckled, "Okay, then. Be there soon. Bye, Toms."

"Bye, Wil," Tommy responded and, leaving it at that, Wilbur hung up.

Chapter End Notes

As usual, I'd love to hear from you all in the comments!

Also hear me out, hear me out. But, we need Purpled to have a villain arc so we can make man behind the slaughter memes.

The Clown Car Arrives

Chapter Summary

In which, Dream feels guilty and the chaos grows by about two.

Chapter Notes

Enjoy the ever so slightly more serious chapter of the chaos fic!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream watched from a slight distance, as Tommy pretended to hate the tight hug that Wilbur was giving him. Everybody was pissed at him (and for good reason, he would admit), but he really hoped that he hadn't broken their trust too badly. He hated the way Ranboo was looking at him the most. He could handle anger, or even disappointment, but he hated that look of wariness and distrust. He was certain that Ranboo wasn't entirely sure that it had been an accident.

It had been difficult for them all to gain the kid's trust, in the year that he had been living with Phil, and Dream prayed that he hadn't broken it. Truthfully, Dream still remembered how *Tommy* was, when Phil had first taken him in. Dream wasn't stupid. He knew why Tommy had even flinched away from him, in the first place.

The look on Wilbur's face, as the man turned towards him, was enough to make him take an involuntary step back. "Hey, Dream," Wilbur greeted, with a smile that definitely didn't meet his eyes.

"Look, Wil," Dream started hastily, "I'm really sorry. It was a complete accident."

Wilbur narrowed his eyes. "I might believe you, I might not. Either way, it doesn't make what you did to my brother okay," he said darkly, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I know it doesn't," Dream mumbled, "You're all perfectly within your rights, to hate me."

Wilbur scoffed. "Stop with the self-deprecating shit. We don't *hate* you. We just think that you need to start being more careful." Dream raised an eyebrow, in questioning, and Wilbur rolled his eyes. "You're reckless, dipshit," Wilbur explained bluntly, "You just fucking *do* things and expect them to have no consequences."

Dream knew that he was supposed to be contrite and take a lecture, or two, quietly, but he couldn't help feeling a bit defensive. "I'd argue that Tommy's reckless too," he muttered sullenly.

"Yeah, and he's also sixteen years old," Wilbur snapped, "He'll grow out of it. If you're not careful, *youever*," Wilbur prodded Dream in the chest, with a finger, "hurt my little brother again, you won't get off so lightly." Dream nodded hastily and Wilbur turned, to rejoin the others.

It wasn't long, before Sapnap came over to join Dream. "Well, you definitely fucked up, this time,"

he said dryly.

"Yeah," Dream sighed, "I know."

"Does Bad and everyone know?" Sapnap asked and Dream shrugged morosely, in response. "Well, uh," Sapnap laughed nervously, "We might be joined by a couple'a people pretty soon."

Dream groaned, burying his face in his hands, "Sapnap, *please* don't tell me that you told Alex Quackity and Karl Jacobs."

Sapnap winced, "Um... yeah. In my defense, they were going to join us pretty soon, anyway."

"Just kill me now," Dream begged, "Slaughter me where I stand. It'll be a more pleasant fate."

Sapnap laughed, at that. "Oh, come on," he rolled his eyes, "You'll be *fine*."

"If Quackity decides that he's mad at me, I might as well be dead," Dream pointed out despairingly, "You know how protective he can get."

"True," Sapnap said slowly, "But, there's nothing I can really do about it *now*."

"He's *your* boyfriend," Dream complained, "Control him!"

Sapnap spluttered, "He- he's not my boyfriend, Dream."

"Okay, Sapnap," Dream rolled his eyes and Sapnap went even redder.

Sapnap couldn't help the smile that lit up his face fifteen minutes later, when a car pulled into the parking lot and two familiar people got out. He could hardly restrain himself from flying at the two, so, instead, he merely walked towards them, at a rapid pace.

"Sapnap!" Karl was the first to greet him, pulling him into a tight hug.

"Hey, Karl," Sapnap smiled warmly, sinking into the hug.

"No fair," Quackity complained playfully,
"He gets a hug, but I don't? Sapnap hates me, I guess."

Sapnap extracted one arm from the hug and held it out towards Quackity, who huffed, but accepted the offer. "It's great to see you guys," Sapnap said softly and Karl grinned at him.

"This is so exciting!" Karl agreed, "We get to see eachother even earlier than we thought we did!"

Quackity gave him a rare, entirely genuine smile, as he spoke. "It *is* nice to see our handsome boy in person again."

Sapnap thanked every god in existence that Tommy noticed them at that moment. It gave him just enough time to recover himself, before anybody looked at him properly again. "Oi! Big Q!" Tommy greeted loudly, running over to them.

"Tommy!" Quackity cheered, dragging the (much taller) teen into a hug.

"I almost got killed and shit," Tommy said excitedly, taking a step back.

Quackity's demeanor darkened slightly at these words. "I heard, I heard. I think I need to have a

word, with Dream."

Tommy chuckled lightly, "So many people have yelled at him already, Big Q."

"Good," Quackity muttered, "It's what he gets for trying to kill my friend."

"It was an accident, to be fair," Tommy laughed awkwardly, "Besides, I'm fine now!"

"But, he still hurt you," Quackity pointed out, "And nobody hurts my friends and just gets away with it."

"I mean, I never said I'd be *sad* to see you yell at him," Tommy said, in a faux-innocent voice.

"Get his ass, babe," Karl cheered him on, grinning.

Sapnap, Karl, and Tommy all trailed after Quackity, as he stormed towards Dream. The moment he saw Quackity, Dream gave Sapnap an extremely betrayed look. Sapnap's only response, was to stifle a laugh, with the back of his hand.

The attention of everybody present was drawn, by the sounds of Quackity shouting at Dream at the top of his lungs. After a good half an hour of *that* Quackity seemed to think that he had said enough and left a stunned Dream alone.

After that, nobody shouted at Dream for what had happened. They seemed to think that, at this point, he had been punished enough. Quackity was *very* pleased with himself.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you all enjoyed! Kudos/comments/bookmarks are always appreciated!

Sorry about the lack of Bad, Skeppy, and George lately, but I don't watch them often so they're a bit hard to write lmao. (Also not me forgetting that Fundy is in Phil's car now, in the last chapter. We're not gonna talk about that lmao)

Also, head empty. No thoughts. Only the falcon and the winter soldier.

Strange Dreams

Chapter Summary

George and Fundy both have a weird dream. Strange.

Chapter Notes

I hope you enjoy this kinda short chapter :]

CW for slight themes of derealization. It's not too in your face, but it's there.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"You'll be my friend, right, George?" George couldn't help the shudder that ran down his spine at those words, sounding both exactly like Dream and nothing at all like him.

"Um," he hesitated, clicking his tongue nervously, "Why do you want to be my friend?"

"Do you not like me?" Not-Dream asked, trying to pout. It was creepy, almost. Like watching a robot trying to act like a human.

"That- that's not necessarily true," George protested, trying to see the real Dream somewhere in the glitching expressions and warped, too-tall body.

"What can I do to make you like me, then?" Not-Dream asked eagerly, eyes wide like a puppy learning a new trick.

"Give me- give me a diamond necklace," George stammered out, almost laughing at the absurdity of it all.

Not-Dream waved a hand and George spluttered at the sudden weight around his neck. "I think you're using me, George," Not-Dream spat, voice distorted and too-deep. It made George's hair stand on end.

"I- I'm not using you, Dream," George shook his head.

"I'm not Dream," Not-Dream said, voice as normal, as his voice can be, "I'm DreamXD."

"Right, right, well, uh, you're scaring me, DreamXD," George stated, voice wavering somewhat.

"I just want you to be my friend," DreamXD smiled, cocking his head to the side, "Why is that so hard for you to understand?"

"I don't- I- you know what? Fine. I'll be your friend," George sighed, feeling oddly defeated.

DreamXD cheered, face glitching worse than ever. "Wonderful!" He intoned, "We're going to be friends *forever*."

"Right," George said shortly, "For- forever." And, just like that, DreamXD was gone. Just gone. Vanished. Right out from under George's nose. "What the fuck?" George breathed.

The moment George looked away from the place where DreamXD had been standing, the world turned pitch black. Glancing around in confusion, he tried to find a path out of the darkness. He took a step and fell down through the nothingness. He didn't even have time to scream, before he was waking up with a jolt, in the car where he had fallen asleep.

His hand flew to his neck, half expecting to find the diamond necklace still laying heavily around it. Of course, it wasn't there. Of course it wasn't. "George?" Bad's concerned voice made him jump, "You okay, George?"

"Yeah," George responded breathlessly, "Yeah I-I'm fine. Just- just a weird dream, I guess."

"What was it about?" Skeppy questioned.

"Uh, I was just talking to Dream, but it- it *wasn't* actually Dream. He was... glitchy and weird, for some reason," George frowned.

"Huh, sounds creepy," Ant commented, shrugging.

"Right," George muttered, "I just- it seemed *so* real."

"Plenty of dreams feel real," Bad pointed out.

"*You* tried to kill me," George grumbled, "But this felt *really* real, y'know?"

"Alright, it felt real," Bad chuckled, "I gotcha. I think you need to stop sleeping so much."

George huffed, "Yeah, you're probably right. I'll- I'll try to stay awake for a while. Just poke me, or something, if I look like I'm starting to fall asleep."

Skeppy grinned, "Say no more."

George sighed, lips twitching, "Oh, lord, this was a mistake."

Fundy lied down across the backseats of the car, shutting his eyes. He might as well take a nap, he thought dully. Everyone else had forgotten that he was there in the first place. Worry about Tommy eclipsed all of their thoughts and that would be fine- just fine. Except for the fact that Fundy didn't think anybody had even spoken to him since the evening before.

Fundy's not unfamiliar with being overlooked, but, ever since he had become friends with this particular group, he had started to think that they, at least, would never treat him like he didn't matter. That they wouldn't act like he was just Eret's annoying younger brother, or just Niki's irritating twin.

And then he had been shoved into Phil's car the day before and not one person had spoken to him since. Not even Eret. So, while the rest of them fussed over Tommy for hitting his damn head, Fundy would just take a nap. That might make him feel a bit better.

Fundy opened his eyes a moment later, jerking upright, when he noticed that, outside of the car, there was nothing but a vast expanse of desert. "Nope," he laughed nervously to himself, "Nope. Absolutely not. This is not happening."

He stood up, despite himself, and wandered forward a few paces, before noticing the extremely

suspicious building, not very far away. On the walk there he saw the silhouette of what looked almost like himself, with both of his siblings and their *parents*.

Slightly disturbed, he swung the door of the house open, against his better judgement, leaping back at the skull lying in the sand, next to a table. The book that lay open on the table was practically screaming at him to just take it. He flipped open to the first page, glaring suspiciously at it.

"Hi, me," he read aloud. "What the *fuck*?" He demanded to the empty air. Glancing back down at the book, he flipped to the next page. "You're not real." He gaped, heart pounding in his chest. "You're not real," he murmured again.

Reaching down, he tried to pinch himself. It didn't hurt. Not at all. Fuck. He blinked and he was back in the car.

He was scared to open his eyes. He didn't want to see the desert again. Not after that rather disturbing event. He opened his eyes anyway. He was still in the desert. He didn't want to be there.

He got up, moving on autopilot, and returned to the strange house. This time, the image of his own younger self was standing by himself. Eret was hugging Niki protectively, some paces away. Their parents were gone. Fundy was alone.

The book inside the house just read 'Wake up', about a hundred times over, this time. The last line was, once again, simply, 'You're not real.' He blinked again and was back in the car.

The moment he opened his eyes, the world looked black and dark. A shadowy, hooded figure stood across from him and began to pace towards him. He screamed, before he could stop himself, flinging himself away from the strange figure. He hit his head on something made of metal and woke up, with a jerk.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you enjoyed the chapter! Kudos/comments/bookmarks are always extremely appreciated!

Did I dish out angst to Fundy, because I've accidentally forgotten him for a few chapters now? Um... yes. I really just straight up proved c!Fundy's insecurities true, didn't I? Lmfao oops

Also, this chapter is short because I had to physically restrain myself from adding plot, because I'm in far too deep to add magic to this universe NOW lmfao

I'M SO HYPED FOR THE NEW SAD-IST ANIMATIC. IT PREMIERS AT 9 AM MY TIME SO I'LL GET TO WATCH IT WHEN I WAKE UP.

Communication Pog

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of Fundy's nightmare.

Chapter Notes

Hello again everyone!! First of all, we hit 20k hits on this fic and that's fucking pog!
Also, we've reached three months of this fic, which is also pretty cool!!

Enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

An abrupt movement in their peripheral caught Eret's attention and they turned curiously. Fundy was sitting rigidly upright, one leg dangling outside of the car and the other planted firmly on the floor. Eret glanced back at the others for a moment, before making up his mind. The rest wouldn't miss him for a little while.

The closer she got, the clearer it was that Fundy was very much not okay. His eyes were focused on the rough concrete and his breathing seemed labored. He had a hand on his chest and looked to be gulping for air. "Hey, Fundy," Eret greeted quietly, leaning on the side of the car

"Eret," Fundy responded shortly, not looking up.

"This has been a fun few days, hasn't it?" Eret asked, content to make small talk for a while, until Fundy felt ready to open a bit. It had always worked, when they had been younger and one of the twins had had a bad day.

Things had been hard, for a while, after their parents had passed away. Eret had only been eighteen, but they had refused to let the rest of their family be separated. The three had Phil and his boys next door, of course, but none of them had felt inclined to take charity. They had gotten back on their feet after a few years and things became much easier, once Niki and Fundy had become adults, but Eret still felt responsible for the twins, in a way an older sibling usually wouldn't.

Fundy's unamused snort was cause enough for concern, before he even opened his mouth. "Yeah, real fun," the man muttered, still refusing to look up at his older sibling, "*Real* fun to watch you all fuck around and have a grand fuckin' vacation without bothering to include me in anything."

"Fundy, what?" Eret was genuinely confused. Sure, she hadn't spoken to Fundy much, throughout the trip, but, for most of it, they had been in separate cars. Eret had just assumed that Fundy didn't feel up to talking much and hadn't wanted to force anything.

"Don't pretend like you don't know," Fundy bit out, voice wavering. "You've all been ignoring me, from the second we left. What is this?" He demanded, finally turning to glare up at Eret, "Is this some-some sort of sick prank?" Tears were pricking at the corners of his eyes and he blinked

them away angrily.

"Fundy, I honestly don't know what you're talking about," Eret said, in what was meant to be a soothing tone, worry dripping off of every syllable.

"Let's all ignore Fundy, because that'll be a real funny joke, won't it? Let's all act like the guy with fucking *abandonment issues* doesn't exist! We can take the time to worry about Tommy, or Ranboo, but not Fundy! Oh, no! Because Fundy's just a *useless tag along*.' Just like always," Fundy spoke in a mocking voice that seemed frayed and broken at the edges. He seemed one wrong word away from a full breakdown.

"Oh- oh, *no*, Fundy. I'm sure none of us meant to ignore you. *I certainly didn't*," Eret's heart hurt seeing his little brother cry.

"Than why didn't any of you talk to me?" Fundy asked desperately, in a small voice, sniffing.

"You were being a bit quiet, so I thought you just didn't want to talk," Eret explained, pained at the terrible misunderstanding, "I'm *very sorry* and I promise you I'll make sure you're included, from now on, alright?"

Fundy nodded, breathing shakily in an effort to control his tears. "Alright," he whispered, "Sounds-sounds good."

"Can I hug you, Funds?" Eret asked before they could stop themself. Fundy nodded again and Eret leaned down to scoop his little brother into a tight hug. Fundy got to his feet, burying his face in Eret's shoulder, shoulders shaking with barely suppressed tears. He sniffed every once in a while, holding on tight to his sibling.

After a while, Fundy pulled back and gave Eret a shaky smile. "Thanks, Eret. I'm- I'm sorry-

"Nope," Eret cut him off, with a half-playful grin, "No apologies from the person who got hurt. That's the rule."

"Says who?" Fundy asked, rolling his eyes half-heartedly.

"Says your very cool and smart big sibling," Eret winked and Fundy groaned.

"I take it back. I liked it better when you weren't talking to me," Fundy complained, but he couldn't quite hide his smile.

Eret laughed and Fundy shook his head. "D'you feel up to coming back to the others with me?" Eret asked, "I think we're probably going to leave soon. Can't stay in the parking lot of this poor gas station forever, can we?"

"Dream must be right at home," Fundy muttered and Eret burst into surprised laughter.

"You've been talking to Technoblade," Eret accused, pointing out the younger man, who's currently speaking to Dream, a much more relaxed look on his face than when he had first arrived.

"Yeah, maybe," Fundy shrugged, smirking.

"Quackity and Karl are here, by the way," Eret added, as something of a warning.

"Since *when*?" Fundy yelped, "God, the two of them and Sapnap must be insufferable."

Eret laughed, "Maybe just a little. What is it they always call the three of them, plus Dream and

George?"

"The 'Feral Boys,'" Fundy groaned, "If they weren't friends with me, I feel like they would bully me."

"Honestly, that's a fair assessment," Eret grinned.

"Slander!" Quackity's voice made both Eret and Fundy jump. "Do I hear feral boys slander on this fine summer day?"

"Oh, God, take me away from this cursed place," Fundy begged the sky.

"Oh, don't lie to yourself. You love us," Karl broke in, tackling Fundy into a hug from behind.

"I most certainly do not," Fundy argued, but Eret could see the poorly hidden smile on his face.

"Don't you think we're the coolest?" Karl asked, squeezing Fundy tighter.

"You spent your entire junior year trying to convince us all that you were a time traveler," Fundy deadpanned.

"Yeah, and Quackity and Sapnap believed it," Karl cackled, "Absolute chuckleheads, both of them." Fundy made a face at Eret, at the obvious fondness dripping from Karl's words. Eret covered her mouth to stifle a laugh.

"We noticed you two out here all by yourselves and thought that we should grace you with our presence," Sapnap cut in quickly, grinning. "God, you're too tall," he added as an afterthought, glancing at Eret.

"Maybe you're just short," Eret suggested.

"Oh, fuck off," Sapnap shot back, no heat behind his words.

Karl released Fundy, only to fling one arm around Quackity and the other around Sapnap. "My short kings," he said, in a tone of exaggerated adoration.

"I hate you," Sapnap scowled.

"Ditto," Quackity agreed, looking unimpressed.

"You both *love* me," Karl said, in the high-pitched, sing-song tone of an elementary schooler declaring that their friend has a crush on someone.

"Actually shut the fuck up," Quackity protested, laughing.

"The others are talking about setting off again," Sapnap commented, "Think we should get back to them?"

"Yeah," Fundy nodded, "Yeah, I think we should."

Karl rushed back to the rest of the group, dragging Sapnap and Quackity behind him, not bothering to wait for Eret and Fundy.

"You sure you're good to go?" Eret checked, "Because we can wait a little longer, if you need time."

"I'm fine, *mom*," Fundy said teasingly. The joke didn't stop Eret from wrapping an arm around Fundy's shoulder, as they walked back to the others. Eret was determined to make sure that nobody excluded Fundy again. They wouldn't let Fundy hurt like that, ever again.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos/comments/bookmarks are greatly appreciated, as usual!

So, uh, I did NOT mean to write this much angst... my bad... I'm writing this to ignore my horrible dysphoria today lmao

Also let's ignore the fact that we've spent like four chapters in a parking lot. It's been like an hour, I swear lmao

FUN FACT: when I wrote the title I accidentally wrote "Communism pog" the first time

On The Road Again

Chapter Summary

Wilbur and Tommy have a chase scene and the parking lot is finally vacated.

Chapter Notes

First of all: Dreamsmp- The Office AU, when?

Parking lot, my beloved. The time has come for you to leave us. You've served us well for a month and a half o7

Anyway enjoy lmao

This chapter is once again brought to you by Youngest Sibling Gang.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy poked Wilbur in the side, in an attempt to get his attention, to no avail. The man continued to speak to Niki, acting as if Tommy wasn't even there. "Wilbur," Tommy tried, growing impatient. Wilbur still didn't respond, though his lips twitched, as if he were fighting off a smile. "Wilbur," Tommy said insistently, poking at his shoulder, trying to be as irritating as possible, "I know you can hear me, bitch."

Wilbur snatched Tommy's hand, before he could poke him much, not even deigning to turn and look at him. "If you keep poking me, I'll bite your finger off," he threatened casually. Tommy glared, as Niki smothered a laugh behind her hand.

"Stop ignoring me and I'll stop poking you, asshole," Tommy shouted, trying to tug his hand out of Wilbur's grip.

"Aw, does the child need attention from his big brother?" Wilbur asked in that infuriating mock-baby voice, grinning down at him.

"Oh, fuck you," Tommy huffed, finally succeeding in liberating his hand. He crossed his arms irritatedly and muttered, "I just wanted to ask you something, but never-fucking-mind, I guess." He wouldn't admit it for any amount of money, but Wilbur's teasing *did* hurt a little, sometimes.

"You can still ask me, Tommy," Wilbur said, "No need to get pouty on me."

"Fuck off," Tommy said stubbornly, "It doesn't fuckin' matter anymore."

"But, now I'm curious," Wilbur smirked, "So you have to tell me."

"Says who?" Tommy asked moodily.

"The law," Wilbur responded solemnly.

"What law," Tommy demanded, narrowing his eyes up at his older brother.

"Mine," Wilbur was glaring right back at Tommy, but there was something soft behind his eyes.

Tommy raised an eyebrow. "That's stupid," he complained, "I'm not a little kid anymore, Wil. That doesn't scare me, bitch."

"Are you sure about that?" A slow smile grew on Wilbur's face and Tommy stared at him warily.

"Oh, no, Tommy," Niki giggled, "Run while you can!"

Wilbur's eyes twinkled and Tommy screeched with a sudden realization. He turned tail and sprinted, the moment Wilbur lunged for him. Tommy ducked around his friends and shoved as many as possible in between himself and Wilbur, as he went. "This is a chase scene!" Tommy shrieked, ignoring the concerned (or amused) glances of the others.

"Get back here, child," Wilbur called after him, laughing.

Tommy screamed as he ran straight into Technoblade. "Don't give me up to Wilbur, Techno!" The teenager pleaded.

"Do you *deserve* to be given up?" Techno questioned, raising an eyebrow, "Generally if Wilbur's chasing you, you fucked something up."

"No!" Tommy protested, voice squeaking with indignation, "Nope! I certainly do not!" He tried to dart away from Techno, who promptly grabbed him by the shoulder and shoved him directly into Wilbur's path.

Tommy's screeches turned into *extremely manly* giggles, as Wilbur caught him around the middle and drug him to the ground. "You've been captured! Admit your crimes!"

"Get the fuck off me, dickhead," Tommy protested, still laughing, as he flailed in an attempt to shove Wilbur off of him.

"Tell me what you were going to ask me and I shall let you live," Wilbur ordered, pinning him to the ground and grinning down at him.

"It's *stupid*," Tommy sighed, allowing his limbs to relax.

"Everything you say is stupid, so that's nothing new," Wilbur smirked and Tommy huffed in offense.

"You're an asshole, Wilbur Soot," Tommy grumbled, "I just wanted to fuckin' ride in the same car as you, for the rest of the trip. I don't wanna be stuck in a car with Dream anymore."

"Aw, *Tommy*," Wilbur's voice grew high-pitched and Tommy groaned, "You can come with me, Tommy, you don't have to be embarrassed."

"I hate you so much," Tommy sighed, "Can you just let me up, dick?" Wilbur helped Tommy up, eyes glimmering with both amusement and fondness.

"Come on, then," Wilbur urged, "It's about time we left this place. It almost feels like we've been here for, like, a month and a half."

"I think you're being very dramatic, Wilbur," Tommy smirked, "It's been an *hour* and a half-max."

"It seems like it's been longer," Wilbur shrugged, "Weird."

"Have you heard from the rest, in a while?" George asked the rest of the car, "I feel like it's been longer than usual without one of them harassing us."

"Hm, you're right," Bad hummed thoughtfully, "You can call one of them, if you want. Just to see what they're up to."

George scrolled through his contacts aimlessly, eventually settling on Dream. The phone rang a couple of times, before Dream picked up. "Hello?" Dream answered, "Oh, shit, hey there, George."

"What's been going on with you?" George asked, "A couple of weird things happened with us. Mainly Bad accidentally punching Skeppy."

"Well, uh, I accidentally knocked out Tommy," Dream admitted tentatively.

"Wait a minute, *what*?" George demanded, "What the fuck did you *do*, Dream?"

"George, please don't lecture me," Dream sighed, "I got yelled at by, like, five different people. Including Quackity... who turned up with Karl, for the sole purpose of yelling at me."

"Well, why the hell did you knock out Tommy?" George rubbed a hand down his face, "I- I mean, you knocked out a *teenager*. Isn't that- isn't that technically illegal?"

"I mean, it's not the first technically illegal thing I've done," Dream chuckled.

"*Dream*," George said flatly.

"Okay, okay," Dream sighed, "I'm sorry. I really didn't mean to knock him out. We were just arguing a bit and I was- I tried to put my hand over his mouth and- and he flinched and I ended up managing to shove him out of the car, instead."

Dream had explained the whole incident in one breath, leaving George feeling almost winded.
"Please tell me you were at least parked," George sighed resignedly.

"We were," Dream reassured him hastily, "In my defense, I was left unsupervised."

George huffed with reluctant laughter. "Just be more careful, dumbass," he admonished quietly.

"Alright," Dream said, voice equally as soft. "I love you," he tried tentatively, just as George's thumb began to hover over the 'End Call' button.

"I love you too, George rolled his eyes fondly, "Don't hurt anyone and don't *get* hurt."

"I won't," George could tell that Dream was smiling now, "Be safe, Georgie."

"I will." It was George's turn to smile affectionately, as his phone beeped, signifying that Dream had hung up.

"So, what I'm hearing is that it's a good thing we took a separate car," Ant commented dryly.

George snorted, "Yeah, probably. I *do* kind of wish I didn't always miss out on all of the crazy shit they get up to."

"If you want my advice," Ant said, smirking, "Don't."

Chapter End Notes

Kudos/comments/bookmarks are always very appreciated!!

Come yell at me on tumblr @themanofmanyfandoms

Sorry new chapters for all of my fics have been a little sporadic lately, but I've honestly been sick (not rona, don't worry) for just about a month (which has also affected my mental state quite a bit) and i'm only just now getting better. Updates should start getting more frequent pretty soon!

Changing the subject like quite a bit: Tommy's new vlogs were hilarious, but I swear-the amount of brotherly energy Wilbur and Tommy gave off in them was Astronomical.

Sunrise

Chapter Summary

Because they spent so long in a parking lot (my, beloved), they decide to take turns driving through the night.

Chapter Notes

New car combos, bc I wanted to shake things up and this is probably getting confusing
lmao

CAR 1: Wilbur, Tommy, Tubbo, Ranboo

CAR 2: Eret, Fundy, Philza, Techno

CAR 3: Quackity, Sapnap, Karl, Niki

CAR 4: George, Bad, Ant, Skeppy

CAR 5: Sam, Dream

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Wilbur was the one driving now; a change of pace that he was honestly grateful for. Because of the amount of time they had spent in the parking lot, they had all agreed to drive through the night, this time. They had planned to switch drivers during the night, but, as the only other passengers in the car were Wilbur's three younger brothers, he would have to do all of the driving alone.

He was infamously proficient at staying up all night, so he was fairly confident that he could get through the night without a break. He smiled to himself, as he listened to his brothers chatter to each other. Each of the three of them seemed to be ranting about a different video game, all talking over each other, yet none of them seemed bothered by it.

"Well, Animal Crossing's the best game, because Sam said it sounded cool," Tommy said from the front passenger seat, with an air of finality, as if every argument had been won at once.

"So, you *did* talk to Sam about Animal Crossing," Tubbo crowed triumphantly, "I knew there was a reason you were suddenly all buddy-buddy with him!"

Tommy spluttered, in both offense and confusion. "What? No, that's just because Sam's really cool," he huffed.

"And he probably let you rant for an hour," Ranboo pointed out.

Tommy sighed heavily, flopping back in his seat. "It's none of your fuckin' business," he muttered and Wilbur looked over to see the teen flushing red.

"Is he as 'good with kids' as Sapnap said he was?" Tubbo questioned, grinning.

"I fuckin' hate you, Tubbo," Tommy informed him flatly.

"I thought it was me you hated," Ranboo said, with a tone of faux-innocence.

"Well, I can hate more than one person at once, can't I, dickhead?" Tommy snapped, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Fair enough," Ranboo shrugged, "Who do you hate the most?" Wilbur shook his head exasperatedly. Ranboo knew *exactly* what he was doing. Nobody knew how to innocently instigate like Ranboo. Usually, Wilbur enjoyed the chaos, but if this was foreshadowing for the night ahead, he was absolutely fucked.

As Tommy opened his mouth, with an explosive gesture, Wilbur groaned. He could already feel a headache coming on.

Sapnap might have been an idiot, but Quackity didn't think that even *he* could be so oblivious. He and Karl had been giving the younger man every possible hint of their mutual liking for him and yet he *still* somehow didn't understand. Niki was absolutely no help at all and, if Quackity didn't know better, he would say that she was being difficult on purpose, as he texted her.

-

Quack Quack

Niki. Help.

Bread Winner

With what?

Quack Quack

You know what

Bread Winner

That's not something I can help you with, Big Q :/

Quack Quack

Whyyyyy

Quack Quack

how did you tell Puffy you liked her?????

Bread Winner

I bought her a bouquet of flowers and asked her our

Bread Winner

**out*

Quackity glanced up from his phone, looking up at Niki somewhat frantically. Niki rolled her eyes at him, smirking.

Quack Quack

where am I supposed to get flowers?

Bread Winner

You don't need flowers, necessarily, dumbass. Just wait 'till we get to the beach, or somethign and you and Karl just need to say something sweet and you're good to go

Quack Quack

he definitelt likes us though, riht?

Bread Winner

Quackity.

Quack Quack

okay, okay, I get it.

Quackity turned his phone off, setting it down, perhaps a little too aggressively. “Is she helping?” Karl whispered, glancing over at Sapnap, who was driving, to make sure he couldn’t hear.

“No,” Quackity groaned quietly.

“What are we supposed to do?” Karl asked, leaning his head on Quackity’s shoulder.

“She said to say something sweet,” Quackity said, nodding sharply, “...how the fuck do we do that?”

“This is impossible,” Karl grumbled.

“We’ll figure it out somehow,” Quackity reassured him, patting the other man’s head, “Get some sleep, before you have to switch out with Sap.”

“Okay,” Karl smiled up at him and Quackity felt his own lips curl upwards of their own accord. He looked up in time to catch Sapnap staring at them in the rear view mirror, eyes both soft and somewhat sad. The eyes flitted away the moment he noticed Quackity looking. Quackity smiled to himself. Maybe this wouldn’t be as hard as he had thought.

Phil glanced at the car’s clock, grimacing as he read that it was already nearly two o’clock in the morning. He should probably pull over and wake up one of the others, before he got any more tired than he already was. He turned to glance beside him at Techno and his heart clenched at the sight of the man fast asleep, leaning against the window.

Asleep, it's easy for Techno to remind Phil of when he had first met his oldest sons. A pair of wary, mistrustful twelve year old boys, who were both much too small and much too brave for their age. Once they got proper nutrition, the boys had shot up like rockets, leaving Phil behind, eventually, but not even a herculean effort could ever get them to grow into self-preservation.

Honestly, Phil wasn't sure when the last time he had been certain Techno had slept was. He couldn't get himself to wake the man up. At least, not yet. He could drive just a bit longer. It was for his own heart's sake that he didn't wake up his son, anyway. Techno would probably grumble about being perfectly capable, the next day, and Phil would say what he's been telling his kids, since the twins were thirteen. Just because they *can* do something, doesn't mean they should *have* to.

Shaking his head fondly to himself, he glanced at the clock once more. He'd force himself to wake someone up, in an hour. No sense waking them, yet. Philza Minecraft was stronger than that, after all.

Wilbur stared at the pale, pink and gold sky as the sun rose. He was going to pull over in just a moment to meet up with Phil's car, so he could finally get some sleep. Glancing over at his brothers, he smiled to himself at the sight of Tommy curled up in the front seat and Tubbo and Ranboo leaning on each other in the back.

Staring back out at the sky in front of him, he allowed himself a long, deep breath. There was something so peaceful and pure about witnessing a sunrise. The long night had passed in relative silence and the moon and stars had stared down at him, as he drove. The sun rising, after such a long night, felt inexplicably *hopeful*, in a way. It almost felt like the sun was rising for him and him alone. It was *his* sunrise.

But that wasn't very fair, was it? As he pulled over, he put a hand on Tommy's shoulder. Tommy blinked awake, sleepily rubbing at his eyes. "Wha's goin' on?" He questioned, voice cracking into a yawn.

"I wanted to you to see the sunrise," Wilbur smiled at Tommy, too tired to keep the gentleness out of his voice. Tommy grumbled, but got out of the car with Wilbur and leaned against the hood of the car, still yawning. "Isn't it gorgeous?" Wilbur asked softly.

"It's pretty, I s'pose," Tommy admitted, smiling bemusedly up at Wilbur, "You've gone all soft, Wilby."

"Yeah," Wilbur murmured, wrapping an arm around Tommy, before the teen could protest, "I guess I have."

Tommy practically melted into the embrace, though Wilbur knew he would deny it, if teased. For once, he didn't feel like teasing his little brother. The moment seemed too fragile to be broken with harsh words he didn't really mean. "I love you. You know that, right, Tommy?"

"I do," Tommy nodded, ducking his head to hide the beaming smile that had broken out over his face, "I love you too, Wilbur." Wilbur's own smile was a soft one. They stood in silence, for a few, eternal moments, before Tommy elbowed Wilbur in the side. "Never fucking tell anybody about this, yeah?"

"Oh, I wouldn't dream of it," Wilbur's grin turned sharper, "Wouldn't want people to know I actually *like* you, after all."

"Ditto, bitch," Tommy shot back and Wilbur laughed. The moment was broken by Phil's car pulling over in front of them, but Wilbur was sure that it was a memory neither would be likely to forget any time soon.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos/comments/bookmarks are hella appreciated, as usual!

How we feelin', besties? c!Sam, my abhorred. Yet another adult that's disappointed me. Smh my head. I miss Ghostbur so much it hurts. I'm in physical pain because of Wilbur Soot.

I'm coping by writing soft things, if you can't tell

Rings

Chapter Summary

Some people actually arrive at the destination and George has a problem

Chapter Notes

Holy shit, guys, it's happening. It's fucking happening. People are arriving! This isn't purgatory after all! (And don't worry, there are still a few chapters ahead of us, bc I want to write the actual vacation too!!)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

George's eyes snapped open, when someone nudged his shoulder. He was breathing rather heavily and he hoped that nobody else noticed. "George! We're actually almost there!" Skeppy cheered.

George released a nervous breath. "Yeah, that's- that's pretty cool," he tried for a shaky smile. He quickly stuck his left hand in his sweatshirt pocket, just in case.

"We should be there in about ten minutes," Bad told them, glancing at the clock.

"Finally," Ant groaned, "I'm getting sick of sitting in the damn car."

"Language," Bad muttered under his breath. Ant huffed, rolling down his window and sticking his head out of it.

"Bad, don't be an asshole," Skeppy rolled his eyes, flicking Bad in the side of the head.

"*Language*," Bad said, this time more firmly, clearly fighting a smirk.

"Fuck off," Skeppy shot back, with an unrepentant grin.

"*Skeppy!*" Bad screeched. George quickly tuned out their argument (far too familiar with their particular brand of 'fighting' to care much) and glanced down at his lap. Sliding his hand out of his pocket, he nearly grew nauseous at the sight that greeted him. On his ring finger was an expensive looking, silver ring.

Clapping a hand on his mouth, he looked away rapidly. That was impossible. It had been a *dream*. That's *all* it had been. So, how? He had had another dream about DreamXD (the weird glitchy being that somehow looked like Dream) and the being had given him a ring. The very ring that was resting on George's finger, in fact.

Daring another glance down at his hand, he cursed under his breath, when he saw the ring exactly where it had been. Was he still dreaming? He pinched himself. Nothing. He didn't wake up with a jolt. He didn't have a sudden moment of clarity. He just felt horribly real and perfectly awake. How the hell was he supposed to explain this to anyone?

Hastily, before someone could spot the new ornament, he tried to pull the ring off of his finger and hide it in his bag. The moment the ring reached the tip of his finger, it felt as if he'd been shocked. A dark purple and green vortex (much like the color of DreamXD's glitches) surrounded his finger, for a moment, and, when it disappeared, the ring was back to its normal resting place.

George gaped down at his hand. What the actual fuck? He tried to yank the ring off, one more time and the same thing happened again. "Okay, what the fuck?" He mumbled, shaking out his stinging hand.

"Where'd you get that ring, George?" Ant's voice made him jump.

"Oh," George's eyes darted sideways, trying to think of a plausible lie, "I think I've had it for a while. I found it before we left and wanted to bring it with me."

"Oh, cool," Ant smiled at him, "It looks nice."

"Thanks," George couldn't quite manage to return the smile. He hadn't been thinking, when he had promised to be XD's friend forever. Well, he *had* been thinking. He had been thinking that it was all just a meaningless dream that he would forget in a few days. At the most, it might be a recurring nightmare.

Apparently not. George buried his face in his hands. Had he seriously been stupid enough to sign his soul away to a god? He barely even registered Bad parking the car and triumphantly declaring that they had arrived. Bad had to go get some keys to the rental house they were going to be staying in and he was glad that he wasn't bullied into going with. He helped the others lug all of their luggage into the house (*uphill*, by the way. Who's driveway is *uphill*?) in a daze.

"It's so pretty, here!" He vaguely heard Bad saying, before he gasped excitedly, "Oh! You can see the ocean out of this giant window."

Skeppy was delighted to find that all of the curtains had switches to open and close them. He flipped them up and down delightedly, until Bad forcibly removed him from the living room. "You don't appreciate my trolls!" Skeppy said with an injured air.

"It's not trolling, if you're not fooling me at all, Skeppy," Bad sighed, though there was a note of fondness in his exasperation.

"I'm going to go ahead and get my stuff settled in, if that's alright," George told the room at large, "I call the loft bedroom."

"Dammit, I wanted the loft," Skeppy whined, "Now I'll have to share with someone."

"You should've claimed it faster, ever think about that?" George smirked, the argument bringing him somewhat back into reality.

"Fuck you, George. You've wounded me truly," Skeppy groaned, collapsing into a nearby chair.

"There's a skylight in the kitchen," Ant informed them all, "And I will not be leaving its sunbeam, so nobody need me."

"What are you? A cat?" George snorted disbelievingly.

"Yes," Ant deadpanned, t-posing dispassionately underneath the skylight and staring up into the sun.

George hauled his suitcase up the stairs and examined the loft room critically. The bed was tucked into a (almost claustrophobically) small cut out space of the wall and George made a mental note to warn Tommy not to take the loft in the other house. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he pulled out his phone and scrolled to Tommy's contact. Deciding to just say something before he forgot, he quickly texted the younger boy.

-

Drowzee

We arrived, big t

Zigzagoon

What??? No fair, bitch

Drowzee

*Not my fault you decided to pass out *shrugging emoji**

Zigzagoon

It was YOUR fucking boyfriend, who decided to try and MURDER ME, ASSHOLE

Drowzee

I know, sorry about that. Anyway, I just wanted to let you know not to take the loft bed

Zigzagoon

why? i wanfed the loft

Drowzee

Claustrophobic bed area

Zigzagoon

Oh.

Zigzagoon

Okay then :/

Drowzee

Sorrry :(

Zigzagoon

It's fine, big man. Thanks for letting me knwow :) ttyl

Drowzee

ttyl :)

George yawned, shutting his phone off. He didn't want to fall asleep, though his eyes burned in protest at even the thought of standing back up. His left hand was tingling in a way George didn't feel was quite normal. His eyes slipped shut, as he yawned again. A couple minute power nap would be fine, right? He was sure that Bad would wake him, before he could sleep for too long.

The pull of sleep was intoxicating, as he lied down on the (not quite comfortable) mattress. His vision darkened and (before he could regain it) he heard an uncomfortably familiar voice greeting him. "Hello, Georgie. Did you like my present?"

Chapter End Notes

Kudos/comments/bookmarks are always extremely appreciated.

Did I add magic to this universe because two (2) people said they'd be chill with it a few chapters back and I can't resist? Yes. Yes, I did. Can I promise the thing with George and XD will get a proper explanation any time soon? Absolutely not. Who do you think I am? Someone who's ORGNAIZED?

Also, this chapter was originally going to be about Ranboo. What the hell happened?
Lmao

(I'm still so hyped about Lovejoy, ya'll)

More Magic

Chapter Summary

Some Karlnapity for the soul and more magic happens

Chapter Notes

THAT'S WHAT THE MASK IS. THAT'S WHAT THE POINT OF THE MASK IS.

JUST REALIZED WHAT MASK REMINDS ME OF (two and a half hours after i first listened to it) IT REMINDS ME OF OLD SCHOOL GOO GOO DOLLS. (my favorite band btw)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"We weren't prepared for you two dumbasses, so we're going to have to cram into one of the houses we rented," Sapnap told Quackity and Karl, trying (and failing) to hide a smile, as they dragged their suitcases up the driveway.

"Aw, that's such a shame," Quackity smirked. Sapnap ducked his head to stare pointedly at the suitcase he was lugging, face red. Quackity turned the smirk on Karl, who grinned.

"They're sharing a house, your honor?" Karl broke off with a high pitched giggle that Quackity couldn't help but join in with. The moment they closed the door, Karl glanced between the two of them and took off running in a search for the master bedroom.

Quackity took off after him and Sapnap wasn't very far behind him. Karl took a running leap at the bed, the moment he spotted it and looked over at the doorway, grinning. "They're dogwater, your honor?"

Quackity's eyes glinted and Karl shook his head, "No no no no. No you don—" he was cut off by a very giggly Quackity face planting on top of him.

"If I don't get the bed to myself, nobody does," Quackity grinned down at him. Laughing, he let Karl push him to the other side of the bed. Sapnap shifted awkwardly in the doorway, looking between the two of them, with a (very obvious) almost longing expression. "Oh, just come here for fuck's sake," Quackity sighed long-sufferingly, waving Sapnap over.

Sapnap hesitated for a moment, but seemed to shake off his nerves and flopped down beside Quackity. "It's nice to be able to stretch my incredibly long and tall legs," Quackity commented.

"We're literally both taller than you," Sapnap pointed out.

"No, shut up," Quackity deflected, "You're wrong."

"We have evidence," Sapnap smirked, "Just stand up."

Quackity buried his face in his hands and promptly burst into fake tears. “Why is someone handsome so *mean* to me,” he complained in between overdramatic sobs.

“Shut the fuck up,” Sapnap laugh was shaky as he shoved at Quackity’s shoulder.

“I have a secret to tell you both,” Karl said suddenly from where he was staring at the ceiling, “And it’s awesome and cool and awesome and you can’t tell anyone.”

“Do tell,” Quackity said eagerly, perking up immediately.

“I’m a time traveler,” Karl whispered conspiratorially. “No, really!” He said, when they gave him identical disappointed, disbelieving looks, “I mean, I’m a bit of a sorry excuse of one, if I’m being honest, but I *can* time travel.”

“Karl, I didn’t fall for this in highschool and I’m not going to fall for it now,” Sapnap huffed, “My own—” he cut himself off with an aggressive clear of his throat, “My own friend thinks I’m a fool.”

“My own *what*, Sapnap?” Quackity questioned, poking at the younger man.

“*Friend*,” Sapnap huffed, “I already said it.”

“Hm,” Quackity hummed, clearly unimpressed, “Hm.”

“I hate you,” Sapnap mumbled, face red. Quackity grinned and turned back to a pouting Karl.

“I prepared for this very altercation,” Karl said triumphantly, “Don’t freak out, but look at the door.”

“What?” Quackity asked mistrustfully, “You didn’t put spiders in the door or something, did you?”

“I think he’s a bit cuter than a spider, actually,” Karl said, eyes twinkling with mischief, as he stared pointedly at the doorway.

Quackity and Sapnap both followed his gaze to the door and promptly ‘freaked out.’ In the doorway was... Karl. This Karl had a sweatshirt on, but, other than that, they looked exactly identical. “Yo, what the fuck?” Quackity demanded, looking between the two Karls.

“Uh, hi!” The Karl in the doorway waved, “I’m me, but from an hour ago.”

“Only an hour ago?” Sapnap raised an eyebrow, “Couldn’t go for something a bit more ambitious?”

Current Karl sighed, “Yeah... that’s kinda what I meant, when I said that I was a sorry excuse for a time traveler. I can only go an hour ahead, or behind in time. And I’m always taken to within a one mile radius of the self living in the time I’m going to.”

“Well, there goes my dreams of giving a medieval peasant a five hour energy drink,” Sapnap sighed dramatically, flopping back down in bed.

“Yeah, you’re kinda dogwater, Karl,” Quackity shook his head in mock disappointment. Current Karl mouthed Quackity’s words alongside him, a half-mocking smirk on his face. “Okay, that’s just creepy,” Quackity shot him a dirty look.

“How- how are you already calmed down?” Past Karl demanded, looking a bit impressed. Current Karl just smirked knowingly at all three of them.

"My brothers," Sapnap said at the same time Quackity said, "I know Technoblade."

"Fair enough," Past Karl shrugged.

"Oh, I'm out of time," past Karl said suddenly, "Bye guys!" And he disappeared in a burst of purple and green sparks.

"Aw, I don't know everything you're going to say anymore," Karl pouted, "I like being all knowing."

"I think I like you more like this," Quackity shrugged, "Much less creepy."

"We should get ice cream," Sapnap spoke up suddenly. He glanced at his buzzing phone and sighed dramatically, "Dream's here. He's going to go say hi to George and then probably come and assault me."

"Nobody asked?" Karl said quickly. Quackity cackled, as Sapnap glowered.

"Anyway, we should get ice cream," Sapnap reiterated.

"With the others, or..." Quackity asked.

Sapnap's face was bright red again, as he mumbled, "Well, I was thinking just the three of us."

"Perfect!" Karl clapped excitedly, jumping off of the bed, "I know a great, little ice cream shop around here. It has my favorite ice cream, like, ever."

"You ever try pistachio ice cream?" Quackity questioned.

"That sounds disgusting, to be clear," Sapnap made a face at the prospect.

"I'm being serious, Snapchat," Quackity said, affronted, "Don't knock it before you try it."

"You sound like an eighty year old man," Sapnap joked, "With all of your idioms."

"Try pistachio ice cream, young whippersnapper," Quackity ordered, shoving Sapnap towards the door. Falling behind a bit, he turned and grinned up at Karl. This was their chance to finally confess to Sapnap-

"Hey, guys!" Quackity had never hated the sound of Badboyhalo's voice more. "Can Dream and I come with you guys for ice cream?"

"Sure," Quackity grumbled.

"Sounds great, Bad!" Karl forced a cheery smile. Sapnap turned and made a face at both of them, clearly no more pleased than they were.

Well, attempt number one was off the table. They'd just have to try again soon. Quackity was determined to be arm-in-arm with Sapnap by the end of the vacation. Nobody was going to foil his plans.

Kudos/comments/bookmarks are always super appreciated!!

Seriously, try pistachio ice cream if you can. i doubted it before i tried it, but it's top tier.

Ya'll I love being able to just dump in random casual magic. It's so fun.

God, Mask is even better than Roadtrip ya'll. Me and my undiagnosed adhd felt that one.

Cute Photos (or possibly blackmail)

Chapter Summary

Fluff. This is literally just fluff. I actually can't handle angst right now. (I lied to myself- there's a little bit of angst)

Chapter Notes

TW: slight suicidal implications

Ahahahahaha i'm definitely not writing this bc c!wilbur scared the shit out of me in tommy's most recent lore ahahah i'm definitely not writing this bc i need to write comfort rn

enjoy :]

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

"I'm going to take *so* many pictures of this vacation!" Tommy grinned, examining the house eagerly, "Holy shit! Look at this place- it's huge!" He gasped, darting over to the large window in the living room. "Look, there's a button to make the blinds go up and down! Oh, this is so cool!"

"I take it you're enjoying the place," Wilbur's words were teasing, though when Tommy turned to look at him there was a fond smile on his face.

Tommy nodded eagerly, turning back to the window. "The ocean looks so pretty, Wilby, can we go down there later today?" He asked absentmindedly, practically glowing with excitement.

"Did you just call me Wilby?" A smirk was audible in Wilbur's voice and Tommy groaned loudly.

"No, I did not call you *Wilby*," he argued, whirling to face his older brother and electing to ignore the flush of embarrassment he could feel creeping up his neck.

"Aw, you can always call me Wilby, Tommy, you don't have to be embarrassed," Wilbur flung an arm around Tommy and pulled him into a tight side hug.

"I'm not embarrassed, dickhead," Tommy shouted, "What if I left you and went and stayed with Quackity? How would you feel then, huh? How would you feel about your dumb jokes, then?"

Wilbur clasped both hands to his heart, with a ridiculous expression of faux hurt and betrayal on his face. "I can't believe my own brother would betray me like this," he gasped, staggering backwards to flop onto the couch.

"*Fine*," Tommy conceded, sitting down beside him, "I guess I'll stay here."

"No, no, don't let me stop you, Tommy," Wilbur sniffed dramatically, "I wouldn't blame you for staying with Quackity. Just- just know what you would be doing to me."

"You're a bastard and an asshole, Wilbur Soot," Tommy informed him, face planting into the older man's shoulder.

"I try," Wilbur sounded all too pleased with himself and Tommy punched him weakly in the stomach. "The hell was that for?" He demanded, fighting a laugh.

"To humble you," Tommy responded smugly, snuggling further into Wilbur's side. Wilbur grudgingly put an arm around him and Tommy hid his face in the man's arm to conceal an, all too soft, smile

"Aw, cute," Phil's voice made them both jump.

"Disgustin'," Techno's voice agreed.

"But blackmail," Tubbo's voice reasoned.

"No, no, no, don't you dare," Wilbur warned, but Tommy couldn't be bothered to look up and see what was going on. Wilbur made as if to get up, but Tommy grabbed onto him with both hands, whining wordlessly. Wilbur let out an incomprehensible cooing noise that Tommy would have cussed him out for, if he wasn't making such a good pillow.

Not a minute later, Wilbur sighed in disappointment. "Why would you betray me like this, Philza Minecraft, creator of Minecraft and all things good in the world?"

"Because I enjoy taking pictures of my kids being cute," Phil said, sounding both incredibly fond and incredibly exasperated.

"Also, probably- probably for blackmail," Ranboo commented, "yeah, probably also for blackmail."

"I'm not cute, fuck off," Tommy grumbled, disproving his own point, by not detaching himself from Wilbur's side.

"Weren't you saying you wanted to go down to the ocean today?" Wilbur questioned, carding a hand lightly through Tommy's hair.

Tommy looked up at him eagerly, finally opening his eyes again, "Can we?"

"I don't see why not," Wilbur shrugged, eyes incredibly soft.

"We're building sandcastles!" Tubbo shouted, practically flying to his feet.

"I'll pass," Techno shook his head, "I'm a little tired and-"

"Nope, you're coming too, Techno," Wilbur ordered, "Sleep on the beach, if you must, but you're coming."

"I think I'm with Techno," Ranboo mumbled, "I mean, what do you- what do you even *do* at the beach?"

"No, nuh-uh," Tubbo shook his head, "This is your first family vacation. You're getting the full experience." When Ranboo still didn't seem convinced, Tubbo pouted, "If you don't come, I'll cry."

True to his words, tears filled his eyes, when Ranboo didn't respond and he wailed (rather obnoxiously) into his hands. "Oh, don't cry, because then *I'll* cry," Tommy protested truthfully, despite knowing that the older boy was clearly faking.

"Alright, fine, I'll come," Ranboo groaned. Tubbo brightened immediately, wiping his wet eyes and grinning at Ranboo.

"Tubbo," Phil admonished lightly, putting a hand on Tubbo's shoulder, "If Techno and Ranboo don't want to come, they don't have to."

Ranboo's eyes flicked nervously from the hand on Tubbo's shoulder, to Tubbo's impish expression, to Phil's calm face, and back again. "No, uh, Tubbo didn't do anything wrong," he said quickly, "Don't, uh, don't get mad at him, or anything. I want to go- really."

"I'm not mad at anyone," Phil reassured, voice as relaxed as ever, "Just making sure you didn't feel pressured."

"Oh, uh, thanks," Ranboo mumbled, "I don't. Feel pressured that is. I want to go, I just..." There was clearly much more left unsaid, but nobody asked him to keep talking.

"Yeah, Will and Tommy will probably get themselves killed, if I'm not there," Techno sighed, "I'll come too, but I'm bringing a book."

"Bold of you to assume we'll kill ourselves on accident," Tommy muttered and Wilbur snorted.

"Don't joke like that," Tubbo said, before anyone else could, voice more serious than usual, "You know it makes us worry."

"Right, right, sorry," Tommy conceded quickly. Wilbur rolled his eyes, muttering a brief apology.

"Do you want to invite any of the others?" Phil asked, "I think a few of them went to the ice cream shop, but there are still some available."

"Uh, not this once, I don't think," Tommy mumbled, "I kinda want to spend some time with just you guys."

"Aww, Tommy, you love us," Wilbur cooed teasingly.

"Fuck you. Die," Tommy retorted eloquently.

Phil laughed, muttering something that sounded like, "So chaotic." Louder, he said, "All right, all right, let's get going before it's midnight."

The six left the house they had just arrived in, all in varying levels of denial about how excited they were for this first exploit of their vacation. Tommy was absolutely positive that this trip would be the most fun they'd ever had.

Chapter End Notes

Kudos/comments/bookmarks are pogchamp!!

fluff pog! (also a split second of ranboo angst. ranboo angst man, if youre reading this- you know who you are. i hope youre happy)

Also, happy pride month, friends! :)

Beach Day

Chapter Summary

The SBI family has a beach day. That's it. That's the chapter.

Chapter Notes

Take some well needed SBI family dynamic in these trying times. It's a short chapter, but eh

Warning in advance: i had to read that acorn barnacle fact, so so do the rest of you :)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Ranboo wasn't a huge fan of sunscreen, he discovered. It was a cold and had a weird texture and he hated the feeling of it sitting on his skin. If Ranboo was being entirely honest, he couldn't remember ever going to the beach. Which, to be fair, didn't mean that he had never been, but he had read all the way back through his memory book and he had never even mentioned a beach trip. He said as much to Tubbo, on the walk down to the beach and the brown haired teen wrinkled his nose in something like distaste.

"Well, you've been missing out, boss man," Tubbo told him, accompanied by quite an aggressive pat on the shoulder. Well, more like pat on the upper arm. Tubbo was a bit (quite a bit) shorter than Ranboo.

"What do- what do people *do* at the ocean?" Ranboo questioned, "Do you, like... swim? Because you know I can't really... i can't really be in the-"

"I know," Tubbo said reassuringly, "It's alright. We wouldn't have gone swimming, anyway," he lowered his voice to almost a whisper, "Tommy has a... thing... about swimming in the ocean. We think it's something to do with one of his shitty placements, before Phil, but he won't explain it to any of us."

Ranboo hummed in understanding, glancing forward to where Tommy was practically skipping in excitement, pestering Technoblade. Ranboo frowned. Sometimes it was easy to forget that Tommy wasn't always such a bright person. Tubbo, too, if he was being honest. He and Tubbo walk the rest of the way down to the beach in a thoughtful silence.

When the group got down to the beach, Phil clapped his hands to get their attention. It certainly worked- Ranboo's heart nearly flew out of his chest. "Ground rules," Phil said firmly. Ranboo's heart was still pounding, even though he knew that his fears were entirely unfounded. "Firstly- you three," here he pointed at Tommy, Tubbo and Wilbur, "are not allowed to harass Techno and Ranboo."

Ranboo shrank into himself at the mention of his name, feeling rather embarrassed by it. "Yes, you too, Tubbo," Phil said, a smile twitching at his lips, as Tubbo pretended to be offended by the

inclusion, “That innocent face you’re making doesn’t fool me one bit. You are chaos incarnate.”

Tubbo’s grin at that was rather feral and Ranboo had to stifle a laugh, quickly turning it into a cough. “Second-“ Phil continued, now eyeing Wilbur and Techno, “I’m sure we all know not to splash Ranboo, by now, but we are also not going to be pushing Tommy under the water.”

“That was an accident,” Techno complained, though he did look regretful, “And it was two years ago!”

“Than make sure there aren’t any more accidents,” Phil said, rather than let himself get roped into an argument, “We do not need a repeat.”

“*Dad*, it’ll be fine,” Tommy mumbled, looking a bit uncomfortable, “C’mon.”

“You’re right, you’re right,” Phil assented, smiling, “alright, have fun everyone.”

Techno took it upon himself to find a good place for their beach towels, as ‘he was going to be layin’ on them, actually, so if the rest of them wanted to make him uncomfortable while they went off and caused chaos, than they didn’t have a say.’

Ranboo stuck by Tubbo, watching the rest with wide eyes. “Ranboo,” Tubbo said suddenly, “You can touch wet sand, right? That won’t be a problem?”

“Yeah, I think I can,” Ranboo said, “I- I think I can. Why?”

“Sandcastles!” Tubbo exclaimed eagerly, waving plastic buckets in Ranboo’s face. “They’re easier to make if the sand is wet. Tommy’s helping too.” He grabbed Tommy by the sleeve and sprinted down to the water, dragging Tommy behind him; trusting Ranboo to keep up with his long strides.

“So, you scoop up all the sand with a bucket,” Tubbo explained, demonstrating with an aggressive scoop, “And then you turn the bucket over on the sand and remove the bucket real fast.” He presented the sand turret proudly, grinning.

Ranboo poked the turret curiously, leaving a round hole in the side of the sand. “Can I try?” Ranboo asked, looking over at Tommy, who was busy filling as many buckets as he could.

“Sure,” Tubbo shoved a bucket into Ranboo’s arms, “ after we do that a bunch of times maybe we’ll make, like, a nuclear launch pad in the middle.” Ranboo snorted in surprise, “we can blow up Techno, or something.”

“Didn’t Phil say not to harass him?” Ranboo asked anxiously, looking back at the other three.

“Eh, he can’t stop us, if we do it quick, can he?” Tubbo grinned. Ranboo frowned, toeing at the sand, but didn’t disagree.

Somewhere in his wanderings down the beach, Tommy bumped into Wilbur, sitting next to a tide pool and staring down into it. “What’s up, big dubs?” Tommy greeted, nudging Wilbur with his foot.

“Watching the tide pool,” Wilbur said, grinning up at Tommy.

“Anything interesting?” Tommy invited Wilbur to talk, recognizing the excited gleam in Wilbur’s eyes.

“Come look at these acorn barnacles,” Wilbur said, a glint of mischief in his expression making

Tommy wavy. "They have both male and female sex organs, did you know that? Their penises can grow really long for their size and-"

"Ew!" Tommy protested, covering his ears with his hands, "I don't want to hear *that*, Wilbur." Wilbur laughed loudly and Tommy made a face at him. "You suck," Tommy mumbled.

"I thought you'd find it interesting!" Wilbur smiled with an innocence that didn't fool Tommy a bit.

"You knew exactly what you were doing, you bitch," Tommy shot at him, poking him aggressively in the side of the head.

Wilbur grabbed at his finger, "I will break that finger, if you poke me again," he threatened.

Tommy promptly poked him again and took off running back up the beach.

Techno had claimed that he was going to read, but a mere five minutes after he had opened the thick book he was currently reading (*Jane Eyre*) he had fallen fast asleep, leaving Phil alone.

"I think we finally escaped Bad," a voice drifted down to him from farther along the beach. Glancing over, he saw Quackity standing shoulder-to-shoulder, between Sapnap and Karl.

"I don't think he does it on purpose, but gods, he can get annoying," Sapnap complained and Karl giggled.

"We're *finally* alone, though, I think," Quackity said brightly, right before a red and white blur crashed into him. "Oh, for fuck's sake! I mean- uh- hi, Tommy."

Phil had to turn away to hide his laughter.

Chapter End Notes

Comments/kudos/bookmarks make my whole day! They're very appreciated! <3

do i think it's frustrating that tommy refuses to explain wtf the waking up in the ocean thing was? Yes.

do i ever want him to explain it? Absolutely not.

Under The Moon

Chapter Summary

Late night talks during the first night at the beach.

Chapter Notes

It has been a HOT minute, since I last updated this fic, but I was severely preoccupied with 'Home'. So, now that that's nearly done- I can jump back into this one!

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Tommy wouldn't exactly call himself insecure. Of *course* he wasn't insecure- that would be utterly ridiculous. He was Tommy 'Big Man' Innit. He didn't *get* insecure. He just tended to get... unsettled, by stupid, little things. Like the way Tubbo had dragged Ranboo around the beach all day, even completely ignoring Tommy, at times. And Tommy understood. He really did. It was Ranboo's first vacation... like, ever. He deserved to have someone pay attention to him all day.

Tommy just got... not *jealous*, exactly. That would be ridiculous, of course. He just got... lonely, he supposed. Because it was always Tubbo and Tommy and suddenly it was Tubbo and well-mannered Ranboo and their annoying brother. Once, in a particularly bad argument, Tubbo had mockingly accused him of projecting his abandonment issues onto his relationship with Ranboo. Tommy had shot back some truly awful vitriol about how Tubbo's right eye wasn't the only thing he pretended he could see through.

The burn scars trailing down half of Tubbo's face and spilling over onto his neck and arm were one of those things that everybody knew weren't supposed to be talked about. Tubbo seemed determined to pretend that they simply didn't exist. He had practically shut down, after that, and it wasn't until weeks later that Tommy could look him in the eye again, without feeling a deep, horrible shame.

Huffing, Tommy angrily turned away from the window he was staring at, unseeingly, lost in his own thoughts. "You're brooding," Wilbur's half-teasing, tired voice caught Tommy by surprise. He jumped, before settling back into the couch, glaring half-heartedly. Wilbur sank into the cushions next to him, yawning widely. "I'm sleepy and want to sleep, so you're going to tell me what's wrong and then we'll both get some sleep. Deal?"

"Nothing's wrong," Tommy protested, in a low grumble, staring back out of the window.

"Tommy, you've been off, since we left the beach," Wilbur stated plainly, "Which, honestly? kind of sucks. You were in a great mood this morning. What happened?"

"Tubbo's best friend happened," Tommy crossed his arms over his chest, rather huffily, and he was half convinced Wilbur was going to make fun of him for throwing a tantrum.

"You're an idiot," Wilbur says, instead, shaking his head.

"Thanks, Wilbur," Tommy spat, voice acidic, "Real helpful of you."

"You're moping around because you're jealous of Ranboo again," Wilbur pointed out. Tommy opened his mouth furiously to argue that he was *not* jealous of *boob boy*, thank you very much, but Wilbur shushed him. "Tubbo is not replacing you, has no intentions of replacing you, and never will," Wilbur poked Tommy lightly in the chest, with every phrase.

"But," Tommy's voice dipped into an embarrassed whisper, "he was ignoring me, on the beach."

"Tommy," Wilbur sighed, staring up at the moon and clearly trying to collect his thoughts, before continuing, "he wasn't ignoring you to be mean. I love you, Tommy, but you need to learn that other people getting attention isn't you being replaced."

"I know that," Tommy argued hotly.

"I'm not so sure you do," Wilbur shook his head, "I hope you haven't been rude to Ranboo today. It's his first vacation, Tommy, like *ever*. He deserves happiness."

Tommy stared at the floor, ears turning red. There was nothing worse than disappointed Wilbur. Tommy could even take disappointed Phil, over disappointed Wilbur. "I maybe haven't been as nice as I could have been," he muttered.

"Are you going to be nice to him tomorrow?" Wilbur prompted.

"Fine," Tommy groaned, throwing his head back into the cushion behind him.

"Good," Wilbur softened somewhat, "And you're not being replaced, Tommy. It's okay to be jealous, but don't take it out on poor Ranboo. I think the guy might have a heart attack if he thinks someone's unhappy with him."

"Since when did you actually give good advice?" Tommy demanded, glaring.

"I always gave good advice, dickhead, you just never wanted to hear it," Wilbur said snootily, turning his nose up.

"Bitch," Tommy muttered.

"Child," Wilbur retorted.

"I hate you," Tommy said, getting up to go back to his room.

"I hate you, too," Wilbur agreed, ruffling Tommy's blond hair. Tommy slapped his hand away and Wilbur laughed. Tommy stuck his tongue out in retaliation and something nervous and upset in his chest settled. He was going to go to bed and everything was going to be okay when he woke up in the morning.

"C'mon, Quackity," Sapnap yawned widely, "Why'd you bring us all the way out here in the middle of the night?"

"Because nobody's here, but the moon and the stars," Quackity smiled, softer than his usual grins, "and they won't interrupt."

"And it couldn't have waited until morning?" Karl grumbled, rubbing his eyes tiredly.

"We keep getting walked in on!" Quackity pointed out, throwing up his hands in exasperation. Sapnap pointedly raised an eyebrow at the phrasing and Quackity spluttered out an embarrassed laugh. "I didn't mean it like that and you damn well know it, Sapnap," he pointed at the younger man, who grinned.

"But you could have," he pointed out, trying to smother his laughter at his own joke.

"You're an absolute buffoon," Karl rolled his eyes.

"If I'm a buffoon, what does that make you?" Sapnap smirked.

"Shut up, shut up," Quackity waved his hands impatiently, "I want to do it, before anyone can interrupt us, or anything." Sapnap's eyebrow appeared to be making a valiant effort to fly right off his head and into the sky.

"Shut your honk," Karl said, holding up a hand, before Sapnap could even speak.

"How did you know what I was going to say?" Sapnap protested, "Did you time travel or something?"

"No, you're just extremely predictable," Karl smirked.

"Fair enough, I guess," Sapnap shrugged.

"Seriously, guys," Quackity laughed, "Okay. You know what? I'm just going to say it."

"I don't care that you broke your elbow," Karl muttered. Sapnap snickered.

"No more Vine references!" Quackity exploded, clearly trying not to laugh, "For fuck's sake, you two." Karl smiled innocently. "I just wanted to say that I really like you, Sapnap, like the way I like Karl and I think you already know that, but we just thought you should know."

"For the record, I like you too," Karl piped up, grinning at Sapnap's open-mouthed shock.

"Oh," Sapnap gaped, "I, uh, didn't know that. Like, at all."

"Oh, you're *oblivious oblivious*," Quackity snorted.

"Well, I like you too, so that's- that's cool, or whatever," Sapnap shrugged, face red.

"Good," Karl cheered, throwing an arm around his shoulders, "Because we were kind of counting on it, when we came on this vacation." Sapnap somehow went even redder, when Karl planted a delighted kiss on his cheek.

Quackity placed a kiss of his own on Sapnap's nose, laughing at Sapnap's embarrassed splutters. "You have no idea how long I've wanted to do that," he sighed, pulling the other two down onto the sand with him.

The three ended up falling asleep on the sand, happy and perfectly content, without an ounce of worry, for the first time in quite a while.

I'd love to hear from you all in the comments! Your comments are honestly most of my motivation lmao. I hope you all enjoyed! <3

Was this chapter a little inspired by the beach episode of avatar? Wouldn't you like to know, weather boy.

Also this fic is almost six months old?? Bro where the fuck does time go?

More Rings And A “Healthy” Breakfast

Chapter Summary

In which, I finally give my dear readers more GeorgeNotFound content.

Chapter Notes

Short-ass chapter, but enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“You three look happy,” Dream commented, side-eyeing Karl, Sapnap, and Quackity. Smirking, he slid his gaze elsewhere, “And sandy.”

“Shut the hell up, man,” Sapnap grumbled, shoulder checking him on the way past. Dream’s smirk grew wider and Sapnap groaned.

“Who’s sandy?” George yawned, as he shuffled into the living room. One hand was stuffed deep in his pocket and the other was rubbing at his eyes.

“The lovebirds over there,” Dream pointed, sniggering.

George’s gaze followed the direction of Dream’s finger and his eyebrows shot up his forehead. “Did they finally get their heads out of their asses?” He asked, tilting his head, as he looked towards Dream.

“Seems like it,” Dream agreed, as George sat down heavily on the couch. Dream’s eyes shot down to where George was seemingly trying to shove his hand even deeper into his pocket. Frowning, he looked up to George’s face, raising an eyebrow in a silent question. To all appearances, George didn’t notice the look, but Dream had seen the slight furrowed brow, before he had smoothed it out.

“You two are ones to talk,” Quackity muttered under his breath. It took a lot to make Quackity blush, but Dream was fairly certain he was going red. He pointed it out, with a smirk, and Quackity flipped him off, before trotting up the stairs. Karl and Sapnap weren’t long in following and Dream snorted, joining George on the couch.

“You finally awoke, Sleeping Beauty,” Dream teased and George frowned.

“Yeah, I got... *really* tired last night. Like *really* tired. It was...weird,” George mumbled and the hand in his pocket twitched, almost compulsively.

Dream’s smile fell, as he examined George’s face, which was pale and tired, despite the copious amounts of sleep he had had the night before. “Are you feeling alright?” Dream asked, voice softening, “Are you sick?” He lifted a hand up, half wanting to check for a fever.

“I’m fine, *Mom*,” George rolled his eyes, pushing Dream’s hand away with both hands. Dream’s gaze snapped onto the hand that had been hidden. On it was more than one ring, of fine looking

gold and silver that had certainly not been there a day or two ago.

"Where'd you get those?" Dream questioned, gesturing to the rings.

"I—" George's eyes widened, as his mouth moved silently in an attempt to find an answer, before he finally mumbled, "I don't know."

"You... don't know?" Dream repeated, honestly baffled.

"Nope," George shook his head, flexing his fingers and examining the rings, almost apathetically.

"Well, you have to have *some* idea," Dream said, after a moment's confused pause.

"I've been having recurring nightmares lately and I think they might have something to do with it," George admitted half-heartedly, "But I have no clue, other than that."

"What are the nightmares about?" Dream asked curiously.

"I'd rather not talk about it," George said stiffly.

"Fair enough," Dream agreed, holding up his hands in mock-defeat, "I just wanted to help out with whatever the hell magic shit this is."

"I'm sure I'll work it out on my own, but I'll let you know, if I need your help," George told him in the tone of someone who would most certainly, under no circumstances, ever ask for help.

"Alright," Dream said quietly; worriedly, and they left it at that.

Even in the year that Ranboo had spent in this family, he had never experienced something that gave him as much of an adrenaline rush as icecream for breakfast.

They had been walking through a slightly shabby, seaside collection of restaurants and souvenir shops, looking for a good breakfast place, when Tommy and Tubbo had noticed the icecream shop.

A mixture of begging and bargaining had gotten them nowhere in the conversation, with Phil. Ranboo wasn't much help, but he had honestly just been enjoying the show. Wilbur had slipped off, at one point, and had returned ten minutes later with his hands full of icecream cones.

"Take one and go!" He had urgently instructed the teenagers, grinning wildly. Ranboo would be lying, if he said he hadn't pounced on them as eagerly as Tommy and Tubbo.

"Wil!" Phil spluttered indignantly behind them, as each of them took off in a different direction, clutching their prize like a treasure. Glancing back, Ranboo noticed that even Techno had partaken in the fun.

Licking the icecream experimentally, as he slowed his pace to a walk, he discovered it to be something along the lines of caramel and sea salt. Humming contentedly, he found a railing overlooking the sea and rested his elbows on the old, weathered wood.

Breathing in the sea air, he tried to think of a time- *any* time- that he had felt so, completely relaxed and carefree. He lingered there alone, for a while, watching the white triangles that were sailboats, far out on the water.

A group of surfboarders were running on the beach and shoving eachother playfully. A seagull

snatched a woman's sandwich out of her hand and Ranboo giggled to himself, as she waved her arms furiously at it.

"Enjoying the view?" Techno's voice made Ranboo jump.

"Yeah," Ranboo bobbed his head in agreement, "it's a really nice one." Techno joined him at the railing, blessedly quiet and relaxed.

"You know, I never got to go on a vacation, until I was fifteen," Techno commented, "So... I get it. It's pretty magical the first time."

"I thought Phil took you in when you were twelve," Ranboo frowned.

"He did," Techno said quickly, "I wasn't the most... cooperative. It was hard to do much, for the first few years. I thought that if I let myself relax, for even a moment, Phil would suddenly turn."

"Well, for the first few months, I thought he would turn if I was anything less than compliant," Ranboo grimaced, "And honestly, I didn't think you even liked me."

"Don't tell anyone, but you won me over faster than anyone I've ever met," Techno admitted, with half a smile at Ranboo, "You're a pretty neat kid, Ranboo."

"You're pretty neat, too," Ranboo returned tentatively, heart feeling as if it had wings. Techno's smiled a bit wider and the two fell silent, content to simply stand together and watch the morning activities down below.

Chapter End Notes

Leave a comment if you enjoyed the chapter please! Your comments are inspiration fuel!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!